A Discussion of the Negro's Future in America—Page 11

The Messenger

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The New NEGRO

January, 1927

READ "BLACK FINGERS" IN THIS ISSUE

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WE ASKED NEW YORK NEGROES WHY THEY LIKED HARLEM.
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RULES:

(a) Answers must not exceed 500 words. (b) Only one side of sheets must contain writing. (c) Name and address must be written plainly in upper left hand corner of each sheet. (d) Typewriting is preferred but ink may be used. (e) Answers must be in the office of THE MESSENGER before midnight, January 12th, 1927. Address all answers to George S. Schuyler, The Messenger Publishing Company, 2311 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Why I Like Harlem

By IRA DE A. REID,
204 W. 136th St., New York, N. Y.

Harlem—one has to like it. And not because it is the "Mecca of the New Negro," rather because it is the "Maker of a New Negro." It is a part of all it has met—Grand Boulevard, Beale Street, St. Antoine Street, Birmingham, Atlanta, Little Rock, London, Paris, and The Islands; social leaders, bums, erudite students, fanatics, rich-man, poor-man, beggar-man, thief. An immense picture in all colors.

Harlem—its strained family relations, its seeming lack of social direction, the hierarchy of its churches, the pathos of its economic plight, its "protected" government, its cultural groups, its masses, its attempts at reform—is Life. It is Black Life perfected. In its few blocks lie all the varieties and realities of one's existence—growth, action, beauty. To its constituency yesterday is already a dream—not of happiness, but of what might have been—tomorrow is only a vision—not of hope, but of what ought to be. But today, TODAY is the day—and it is well-lived.

One never knows what to expect in Harlem. This throbbing, pulsating, vibrating community often suffers from palpitation. Epileptic, I would say. The parades, funerals, cabarets, policy games, bootleggers, blind tigers, "literati," "millionaires," all show evidences of straining at the traces.

Crowds of faces—black, brown, yellow, white, parading Seventh Avenue, Harlem's "Boule Mich"; women clad in elegant finery followed by their less pretentious sisters in gaudy imitations; workers who "pass" returning to Harlem for association with kindred spirits; writers who enjoy us and write uncensored recollections; rent parties that laugh at the H.C.L.; street-speakers who enjoy their exhorting; protest and mass meetings that die aborning. Harlem! It is life, Life, LIFE. We suck its breast and enjoy it.

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VOLUME IX NUMBER 1

Editors.....A PHILIP RANDOLPH AND CHANDLER OWEN
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Contributing Editors.....THEOPHILUS LEWIS, J. A. ROGERS, E. B. HENDERSON
Business Manager.....ROY LANCASTER

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NEGRO LABOR AND PUBLIC UTILITIES

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

How the Negro worker, who as consumer, pays huge sums yearly for street carfare, telephone, telegrams, gas and electric service and expressage, is jimcrowed into menial positions by these public utilities.

How the System Works in "Liberal" New York

There are almost a quarter million Negroes in the city of Greater New York. All of them use the various transit utilities, most of them daily. A vast number of them also use the telephone daily, either in their homes or in booths. They also liberally patronize the telegraph offices of both companies while all of them are consumers of gas and electric power and light, to say nothing of the services of the American Express Company.

These public utilities enjoy a monopoly. One must use their service or do without, yet, although a considerable percentage of their revenue is derived from Negroes, the Negro worker, male and female, seeking employment with them is subjected to the familiar jim-crow methods: i. e., generally given only menial employment, if any, regardless of his or her capacity to hold other positions.

In order to ascertain to what extent the Negro worker is subjected to industrial discrimination, THE MESSENGER has inquired of these companies the extent to which they employ Negroes. The results are printed below.

New York Telephone Company

T. P. Sylvan, vice-president of this monopolistic public utility, replied as follows:

> "As to the question of employment by this Company of persons of known Negro descent, we might say that we do employ such persons, having some on our payrolls at the present time *assisting us in the conduct of our restaurant and lounge facilities.*"

In other words, the only work Negroes can get with this huge public utility is employment as lackeys and menials. Being curious to ascertain what sort of excuse the New York Telephone Company would give for this discrimination, we wrote again asking why no operators of known Negro descent were employed. The answer we received appears below.

Dear Sir:

Answering your inquiry of the 15th; this Company has repeatedly met with very fine and distinguished members of your race who have raised the question that you propound, and we have taken the pains to show them through our operations and, I believe, in the main, satisfied them that the position which we have taken with reference to their employment has been a proper and necessary one. I am sure that if you will take the time to make inquiry or look into the matter yourself, you will come to the same conclusion that we have and I trust may arrive at the place where you will feel any considerable attention given by you in the way of agitation or publication will result in still further increasing any heartburning or disappointment now extant.

Very truly yours,
T. P. SYLVAN,
Vice-President.

It is interesting to note that while Negroes may work in *the same room* with whites, they can only be employed in the lounges and restaurants. Lastly, what kind of Negroes were those Mr. Sylvan mentions in his first sentence?

Consolidated Gas Company

This is one of the most powerful public utilities in New York City and has among its directors such well-known magnates as George F. Baker, George B. Cortelyou, John D. Ryan and Percy A. Rockefeller. To THE MESSENGER's letter of inquiry, Mr. H. M. Bundage, vice-president, replied in part, as follows:

> "We employ Negroes and have done so for many years. At the present time we have 72 in our employ (68 male and 4 female) many of whom have rendered long years of faithful service. Our oldest Negro employee has thirty-nine years to his credit."

Upon our further inquiry as to the positions in which Negroes were allowed to "render long years of faithful service," Mr. Bundage kindly informed us:

> "Replying to your favor of November 23rd, have to advise that Negroes employed by us render 'common labor, maid service, janitorial service and the like. We do not assign Negroes as stenographers, clerks or inspectors."

Standard Gas Light Company

This powerful public utility also has its board of directors honored by the presence of Messrs. Cortelyou and Rockefeller. W. Greely Hoyt, the president, promptly replied:

> "Answering your second question, our employees in this respect (referring to Negroes) cover laborers, coal handlers and porters."

So the dear reader can readily conclude what chance the Negro boy or girl seeking a bright future will have at the Standard Gas Light Company.

Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation

This is the firm that operates surface cars, elevated trains and subways in the Borough of Kings, and a subway connecting Manhattan and thence to the Borough of Queens. No employees of ascertainable Negro descent have ever been observed doing any work other than common labor, elevator operation, janitor and porter service. It is possible but not probable that the company employs Negro car washers.

However, Mr. W. S. Menden, the president of this huge corporation, writes us:

> "The companies of B.-M. T. System employ some Negroes in practically all of their departments. The porter service of the Transportation Department of rapid transit lines consists of practically all Negroes."

The nickels of Negro citizens are welcome, of course, but when it comes to getting a job as conductor, motorman, ticket agent, train dispatcher or in any of the jobs that are worth-while, there is "nothing doing."

Mr. Menden, the president, confirmed this in a subsequent letter in which he blandly replies:

> "Our companies employ comparatively few Negroes in our general office, and we employ none as motormen or conductors."

The Interborough Rapid Transit Company

"The World's Safest Railroad," as it calls itself, can point, doubtless with pride, to its three or four great subways and three or four elevated systems connecting the boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Queens and Kings. It is the Grand Old Man of public utilities. Its exploited workers, sick of the Company Union, recently went on strike, but the Company, by the usual well-known method, won out. Things are now pursuing the even tenor of their way. The underpaid white workers fill the more desirable positions while at the base of the industrial triangle are the Negro porters and laborers. A Negro has about as much chance of getting a job as motorman, conductor, ticket agent, money changer, stenographer, train dispatcher, guard or such positions as an icicle has in the crater of Vesuvius.

"The World's Safest Railroad" did not answer our letter. Probably they didn't get it, despite the acknowledged efficiency of the New York Post Office, which, by the way, employs hundreds of Negroes as clerks, carriers and even superintendent.

The Street Railways

A Negro can about as easily get a job as conductor or motorman on one of the numerous street railways in New York City as a mosquito can live in a blast furnace. To the query of THE MESSENGER the New York Railways Corporation through its secretary, J. B. Gordon, replied that: "We have a few Negroes in our employ, who are used mostly in the capacity of messengers."

Later on, in answer to further inquiry, Mr. Gordon answered:

> "In reply to your letter of November 23rd, I give below the various classifications in which Negroes are em-

(*Concluded on page 9*)

BLACK FINGERS

By JAMES MICKLES

GLEN HOLLOW had always been a quaint, exotic village, half hidden among the sleepy hills of Tennessee. Nothing ever happened there; even the old-fashioned barbecue given each year in the rustic garden of St. Michael's Parish had on the year previous been discontinued. Still there remained the evening Angelus—the ancient call to a sanctuary hour as old and remote as the massive bells at Notre Dame. That was music; music to the simple souls of Glen Hollow folks. But of the few people who knew Glen Hollow the predominant factor of its historic traditions pointed to a very singular and perhaps fantastic programme.

About a mile from the station, and in opposite direction to the Parish, upon the largest area of level ground in the village, Capt. Dale Hurley had selected a pleasing site for the building of his home. For many years Glen Manor had been considered a mansion of grandeur, acclaimed by the proud townspeople to be as wonderful a structure as any edifice in Rome or Greece.

Along with Capt. Hurley came Bud Johnson, a tall lanky Negro; honest, congenial, with a soul as great as the lean face and slim fingers were black.

When Capt. Hurley was really Capt. Hurley, on the good ship Annabelle, when Spat, the little French collie dog, and Pete, the parrot, sailed the Main, Bud was there. On the morning when the dull red of misty dawn hovered o'er the bleak horizon, and the long black clouds roughly mingled in the fog, and old sailors predicted ill luck from the bad omen, no one knew the secret that grasped the troubed heart of Capt. Hurley but Bud. Mrs. Hurley was stretched out upon the rough cot delirious with fever. Later, while the angry waves pitched and tossed the schooner she gave up the Captain's secret, and passed into the Great Unknown. As the gray evening shadows fell, and the old tub rested peacefully upon the sea, Bud told his story, while a head bended, a corpse laid straight upon an old couch, and a suckling babe cried and squirmed in the trembling hands of a man whose briny tears dropped upon its forehead. Bud held a ring in his hands; a gold ring with five prongs, two bent, as if a stone had been pried out. As he neared the end of his story he slowly arose and slipped the gold band upon his slender black fingers, eyeing the still form wistfully.

"She said to me, she says, "play my piece Bud and I will go happy."

He slowly strode toward the old organ in the corner of the cabin. Soon the slender fingers were manipulating the keys with the deep inspiration of a great soul. The end came short. He turned, facing the sorrowing man before him.

"Then," he said, "she was gone."

His arms dropped limply to his sides. The large white eyes became expanded, he stood aghast. Captain Hurley had placed the babe beside its mother. No murmurings escaped the little lips, the eyes were closed, the tiny limbs motionless. The white man drew away, the pallor of death upon his cheeks. Long black fingers reached out, slowly, and touched the small form.

"Dead."

He slowly turned, creeping like a wounded man toward the old organ in the corner. There the black fingers played, played, played—until a white hand reached out and lifted them from the keys.

"Don't play, Bud, don't play."

He arose, and followed the lagging footsteps of his Captain to the cabin door. The full moon was spreading its silver lustre, the rough waters beating a moanful song upon the starboard. A night of romance; a night of somber grief.

That was the end for Capt. Dale Hurley of the Annabelle. The last trip had been made; the sea of weird mysteries and wretched luck had taken its last toll. He had given a boy, a babe and a wife. Nothing remained but Alathea—sweet, chaste Alathea back in the States; Spat, the little collie; Pete, the parrot, and Bud to play, like an immortal genius—the black fingers that would soothe his soul with music sublime.

Before You Came

I wandered long before you came,
And seeming listened for your name,
When, lo! out of a clear, blue sky—
We chanced to meet, You and I.

Now, do you bring me joy or grief?
Must I hold faith, or unbelief?
Will I find you staunch and true,
Even as I am, dear, to you?

Would it have mattered after all,
Had you not answered to my call;
Now that I've found you, do you care?
Or, is a dearer one somewhere?

ANN LAWRENCE.

We return to Glen Hollow. Lonesome, remote Glen Hollow—romantic, sacred Glen Hollow, where, after a tragic seafaring life Capt. Hurley had settled down, with his daughter Alathea, Bud, Spat and Pete. No architect could draw plans for a home for Capt. Hurley without marking organ space. Thus, it became a known fact, far and wide, that from Glen Manor each evening at dusk came music—sweet music, as if some soul strived to express a suppressed emotion. At the station the short chubby agent, with his keen ears could discern a melody wafted like a breeze—sweet—beautiful. At the manse Father Rue knew and expected the musical programme that would mingle with his chimes at the vesper hour. In each home, as the sweet music lent its charm to listening ears they could visualize the man at the keys—black fingers scampering over white surfaces, a man and a girl enthralled; sweet melodies mingling in the calm night air, and a harmonious blending with the bleak antiquity of an old-fashioned town. On the highway the occupants of passing cars could hear, and wonder. Some would go slowly by, some pause for a while; all enraptured by this strange spell.

Thus Bud Johnson played year after year. The chimes from St. Michael's and the chants from Glen Manor mingled each evening at twilight. Then there was the piece he had played for her—Mrs. Hurley, as she stole into eternity. He never forgot to play that. It had entertained many a passing tourist, children yearned to listen each evening, and many a diffident youth, gazing into love-lit eyes gleaned an inspirational cure for a vapid wooing. And sometimes Capt. Dale Hurley would look aloof, as the continuous thrill of melody usurped the weakening heart, and try vainly to keep back the tears. But that was the memory of her. Alathea listened, and became accustomed to it; the melody of her mother's piece becoming instilled into her memory day by day. She knew it as Bud played it, for within each strain lived the dominant personality of the great soul behind the black face. With that melody in her ears, the undimmed vision in her brain was black fingers, lightly touching, prancing, pounding, scampering over white keys. She would stroke the soft hair on Spat, and gaze wistfully to the battered cage hanging low, where Pete clutched the slender bars of his prison, while muttering something hardly audible.

There came a day of sacrifice, of loyalty, of patriotism. At the station on the first break of dawn the little chubby agent hobbled lazily across the platform to the bulletin board, and after curiously eyeing a poster in his hand deftly adjusted the left hand corner of it to the board with a tack, nodding his head as the hammer hit.

A certain young man was in town. Not a stranger there, but his apparel stood out in odd contrast to any in Glen Hollow. A feeling of anxiety visited many as he raised a bugle to his lips and blew a melody—strange—weird, to people of Glen Hollow. Nothing akin to the short chants and rumbling chords that drifted on the air from Glen Manor. As the day grew older the light forcibly dawned upon curious persons who read the poster, VOLUNTEERS WANTED FOR THE U. S. ARMY. The men had thoughts—deep musings. At the station the young man in khaki had posted a long white sheet, at the top of which was printed, "Roll of Honor. Volunteers from Glen Hollow." This shot a streak of bravery through the fragile host of masculines. As the shadows fell every ear involuntarily listened for the daily music from Glen Manor. But instead of the familiar melody there came slowly, softly, far away like a phantom song, then bursting out in a thunderous peal The Star Spangled Banner. They heard, they were thrilled, the spirit of '76 shot through their veins. On the streets, at the station, at the homes, on the

highway, at the manse, everywhere, all of Glen Manor was standing up—proud—soldierly, gazing towards the tower from whence the same music came, from whence the same magnetic thrill, where the same fingers pranced upon the keys. As the roaring melody filled the air of Glen Manor sang; sang to the highest pitch, while a flag of red, white, and blue slowly crawled up the mast on the tower, waving in the soft breeze.

In the morning they were there—men, at the station—white men; all looking in suspense at the long sheet on the billboard. Clean on the night before, now filled with names. But this one—the one at the top—the first one; he does not come to look. The name is there, and his black fingers brought the others there.

On that evening the young man in khaki visited Glen Manor. He had met Alathea during the time her father sailed the seas. He had known this girl as one of many, and later upon learning that she lived in Glen Manor he had made brief visits, mostly on Sunday at a barbecue. Phillip Noel thought it a very rare and singular incident that Uncle Sam should send him here, but he was not sorry. She would know that he was not a slacker and that was good.

Bud Johnson was playing, a wonderful melody was roaring through the rooms and drifting out upon the breeze. The long back bended over the keys wavered with each stroke, shook with emotion. Alathea, seated near Phillip, had drifted into a deep reverie, the organic rumblings harmonizing within the soul of her dreams. The young man sat rigid, looking straight ahead. The soft melody stopped abruptly. Then a roar —a snappy harmonizing of distant chords —a thunderous echo resounding through the massive walls, and the soldier gazed in a transient spell at the black figure tearing at the keys; madly, wildly. He was fighting—the black fingers snatching out in rhythm a familiar tune. Alathea watched, immovable, as the man in khaki stood, then marched toward the organ while "The National Emblem" beat upon the drums of his ears. Capt. Hurley had come up to see and hear. The soldier marched, for it seemed that he could see the guns and hear the din of battle. Something about that march was different. Bud played as never before. The pipes rumbled a basic echo through the walls. Big tears stood in Capt. Hurley's eyes. The last time Bud played like that the Grim Reaper followed. Strange now; how strange. Bud was going. Tomorrow he would not be in Glen Hollow, but in an army camp. Capt. Hurley wondered. Would he ever play here again. Would his black fingers ever pound those keys again, or would they strike the gilded strings of a harp, and have all Heaven listening—enthralled.

A fortnight passed. There came a dark night, black, dreary, with sweeping showers and strong cutting winds that bowed the trees and whistled its uncanny song about the eaves. Great black clouds obscured the moon. Raging torrents drummed savagely upon the tin roofs, and one could only see the faint red flicker of the swaying danger signal at the crossroads. Again Phillip was in town. On a night like this he figured there was no better place than the right end of a sofa with the right girl. Alathea knew Phil the college student, but Lieut. Phillip Noel seemed a stranger to her. He could not hold her attention.

For the weeks that had passed since the first visit of Uncle Sam Glen Hollow held no historic record. Each evening as the sun hid itself behind the hills one could hear the lonesome ring of the chimes at St. Michael's. One might listen intently, and look hopefully toward Glen Manor but no music came. No melodious echo sounded upon the air. All was still, all was silent. Father Rue had come out many nights as the ringing music of his chimes were going on their lonely way. He would look in askance toward the tower where lights burned brightly and life was astir, but a shrouded cloak of gloom hung invisibly over the grand old mansion. At Glen Manor after the departure of Lieut. Noel Capt. Hurley calmly dragged himself to the top of the stairs and walked slowly along the balcony. When he reached the organ Alathea was there, and had opened the huge music box. She was seated, and about to strike a key, when a more withered hand withheld the dainty fingers.

"But father," she exclaimed, "I am just dying with this depressing monotony. It seems unreal, like another world. Just let me hear one note—just one chord."

The sympathetic eyes gazed into the aging face, while tears rolled down the rumpled skin, and he tenderly grasped the younger arm.

"It's no use, dear. You would only be mocking him. Just let us hope and pray for the security of those black fingers. Some day they may scamper over the keys again. Some day Glen Hollow may hear the rumbling chords that are still."

From out of the distance came the shrill echo of a bugle. Capt. Hurley stopped, and clutched the arm of his daughter. "The Call to Arms. Come, Alathea. That is the music we shall hear. I am going to enlist. You shall be a Red Cross nurse."

As the last faint notes of the bugle died away Capt. Hurley and his daughter marched down the stairs. They were going. Going to fight—going to serve. They wondered would the battle spare them to hear the rumbling chords one come; spare the black fingers to scamper over the keys.

Late spring of 1918—the Argonne, on a dull morning of misty fog after six days of continual rain. Wounded, tattered soldiers marching, scrambling, crawling through the slimy mud, dyed to a deep crimson in the blood of battle. The roaring discharge of a cannon, the shrill buzz whistle of a torpedo, an enemy plane roaring in the distance, a grenade landing near, and amidst this hell an invincible squad going over the top. Charge; and they go, on, on. They run, they fall, and then something—a buzz—a whiz and a roar. A dense smoke penetrates the fog; shrapnel spreads, and as a host go down black fingers rise against the sky, bleeding, maimed.

On that morning at Glen Hollow the sun shone brightly, its blazing rays reflecting a soft, tender warmth from shining surfaces. At the station the sharp irregular tapping of the telegraph mingled confusingly with the confidential confab of three Italians, broken in at intervals by the grump voice of the agent. Father Rue, at mass, prayed fervently for the bruised and scarred bodies that trampled through the blood-stained mire; prayed for the black fingers, that he believed now grasped a gun with as much earnestness as they had once touched the keys.

The months pass. Hell raged on earth in its most atrocious manner. Glen Manor remained empty and strangely silent, while the three who had left its portals to join the fray breathed the poisonous air of battle, knew the pangs of war. Grass grew on the path to the entrance, cobwebs hung on the corners of the organ, the keys became tight and stuck together. No movement of life exhibited itself, but the flag that waved in the breeze told a mute story of three who were not there.

One morning a slight fog settled over Glen Hollow, and a steady drizzle of rain contributed its help towards a gloomy day. Only a few people were out early, but these few gazed in bewilderment and dread at the rain-soaked flag, which had dropped to half mast, and the poor starving dog who had found his way to the roof and was howling. All who believed in signs shook their heads as they disappeared in the hazy mist.

After the signing of the armistice, on one of the first home-coming ships, Alathea, half asleep, had a vision. She could see the field, the fire, the battle. Black fingers bleeding—shot—apparently crushed and broken. She could see herself gasp, and rush to aid the wounded soldier—the fingers. A doctor came. He cautioned her to stop the bleeding of his left leg first, which had been badly cut by shrapnel. While she attended to this the doctor examined the injured hand. She could hear him say, "The right hand. The fingers will hardly ever be able to pull a trigger again." She stopped to look up. The doctor had gone. She reached hurriedly for the fingers stained with blood.

"Hardly ever be able to pull a trigger again," she murmered, "But, oh God, will they never scamper over the keys again?"

Then a torpedo tore out the rear of the hospital. She awoke suddenly, gasping for breath. All was still and silent. A porthole was near. She looked out at the water flashing by, and listened to the deep rumbling of the huge engines. The cringing thoughts that surged through her brain caused tears to come, and she wept until her eyes closed in deep slumber.

The war was over. Many a sorrowing wife worshipped at the shrine of bitter tears, as tragic news drifted from across the sea. Many a mother wept, with a mixture of regret and proud admiration for the crippled boy who "came back" with a Croix de Guerre pinned close to the military garment. Many an aged father dropped burning tears upon the bier of a son he had loved and lost.

Then came vivid stories of black nights —treacherous Huns—flying enemies. Big Bertha—Flanders Field—the Trench of the Bayonets—Verdun—Chateau Thierry—the Argonne—all; told by the millions who had been there to the mothers and sweethearts who had waited through it all. Then every hero was an idol; every doughboy a Don

Juan. The uniform came into its own, and no girl stood in the spotlight without clutching closely to the arm of some man who had "been in." At Glen Hollow the same spirit existed. Soldiers promenaded from morn 'til night. On that porch, on this corner, to that girl, to this gathering a new story teller was weaving a tale far stranger than fiction, more dramatic than any play, more malignant than the grim comedy of any jester.

The worthy leadership of Father Rue had been taken from St. Michael's, succeeded by Father Rainey, of the same type. Alathea visited the sacred and very silent yard behind the Parish. Not many minutes passed. Like a wearied traveler nearing the end of a journey, the lagging footsteps retreated, followed by the quiet tread of Father Rainey. A small bunch of roses, a flow of tears, and a soiled American flag had been left upon the crusted mound where Captain Dale Hurley awaited beneath the sod for the Great Accountant. Through eyes dimmed with tears the sorrowing girl gazed toward the shrine of her youth—to the tower where the battered flag still waved at half mast. The light of evening was slowly fading behind the hills, and a downcast look grew upon her features as the chimes at St. Michael's went out upon the still air,—lonely—weird—remote. A thing of the past. No. That would go on always—forever. Why then, should the music she once loved taunt her now? Why would they keep those chimes singing a moanful mockery to her soul? Would they not stop abruptly and become a thing forgotten, even as the daily melody that used to mingle with it before the war? No, that would not happen. It meant then that home was home no more. She would leave Glen Hollow, where the chimes at St. Michael's sing their song, for without the accompaniment of the rumbling chords that song was torture. She would always visit her father's grave but Glen Hollow could never be home again, for there were no black fingers to scamper over the keys. Yet, somehow, a vague premonition was telling her that she would hear her song played again, and as if weakly grasping at a mere fantasy her soul was hoping with a faith built upon a foundation of prayers.

But no one had heard anything of Bud Johnson. Without a doubt the great soul had escaped the black body and gone on. Glen Hollow folks thought nothing of that. They never missed anything. On a short trip there Father Rue asked Father Rainey if at any time a tall, lanky Negro chanced to come along asking if he might play the organ to allow him the privilege. Father Rainey consented.

It was long after the war. The few blue-bedecked seamen who had told their tales of fighting life upon the bounding main, the meager line of khaki-clad privates who had so affluently exhibited their crude egotism, and the lone lieutenant, so dutiful before, had all passed out from the observant gaze of Glen Hollow. People were people once more. The chubby little station agent still hobbled lazily across the platform to deliver orders to the engineer of the 6:25 that arrived as usual at 7. The evening Angelus still tolled its solitary message at twilight. From St. Michael's came the usual chimes,—spiritual—ecstatic—resonant. On the highway people of the world sped by, hardly with a smile—hardly with a thought for struggling humans below. The tattered flag on the tower at Glen Manor ruffled as the faint breezes nestled among its folds. The old organ on the balcony remained still—impressively quiet, as toiling spiders spun their webs of silk about the rare workmanship.

Amid the dull quietude a Rolls Royce limousine rolled slowly along the edge of the highway. No moon was shining, and down the hill to Glen Hollow was black as night. As the car slowly rolled along a woman peered earnestly through the side window. It seemed that she could not see. The chauffeur was motioned to stop. The woman turned sharply around.

"I don't know why," she said, speaking to the man beside her, "I wanted to come this way, but something strange prompted me to do so. I guess, however, it is all wrong. Glen Hollow is now to me as black as the night into which I look. Drive on, James."

The man beside her tightened his grip about her waist as she gazed into the inky blackness. A tear stole down her face.

"Good-bye father, good-bye Glen Manor, good-bye scenes of childhood." A flow of tears flooded her face, and as the arm about her drew tighter there came whispered words of consolation. The car still rolled along slowly, and as they were about to round the curve there came from amidst the dark night behind them a queer sound—another, and then another. The woman sat up straight, tense, with every nerve on end. The man listened. Again came the sound from down the hill—from Glen Hollow. Now the woman had opened the door of the car, and was gazing down the hill. One hand reached as if in a trance to the chauffeur's shoulder, motioning him to stop, the other hand upon the man beside her. Her breast was heaving—she was gasping as she turned to him.

"Alathea, what is it? Music?"

"Yes, music."

Now the car was going back. Now the music had swelled upon the breeze. Music divine—music beloved. Alathea stepped from the running board. Already half of Glen Hollow had come out, watching, listening, and Alathea gazed in a hypnotic stare at the gleaming light from the balcony. It seemed that the music was flowing into her soul like a magic stream, delving into its frail existence for this brief space of happiness. She threw up her arms and cried, "The rumbling chords!"

Everyone knew the song. Everyone knew the man. Bud Johnson had come back, and black fingers were scampering over the keys. As Alathea stepped upon the porch Father Rainey laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"Don't go, my dear. It won't be long before he's gone, poor boy. He was gassed in the war. Said he lived here—walked seventy miles to get to this organ. He wouldn't use mine but said he would play his own on the balcony, and when the music stopped for me to start mine—to play as he marched to Glory."

Alathea was listening, half dazed when suddenly the music stopped. She caught a quick breath and felt the hand of the man beside her relax and fall from her shoulder.

"He's gone."

For a moment she stood there as if paralyzed. Father Rainey walked slowly away.

"No!" she screamed. "No!" She headed for the stairs, when suddenly in a great roar that trembled the walls the organ piped forth "The Star Spangled Banner." Alathea ran up the steps. The man behind stood erect. He knew now. He had heard it before. Outside the people clamored their praises. At St. Michael's Father Rainey awaited at his organ. On the balcony Alathea and Phillip Noel stood over the feeble form—gazed with regret upon the trembling head mixed with gray, the black fingers prancing upon the keys. Then, no music. The head drooped and fell forward. The fingers became stiff and still. Alathea drew back, as the chants from St. Michael's mingled in the breeze. Father Rainey knew he was playing for a soul to enter Glory, and even now the fingers were not still, but touching majestically upon the strings of a Golden Harp, while the angels bowed in their infinite praises to his melody, "Hosanna to the King."

Then the old flag came down, for it was all over at Glen Manor; each soul had gone to its due reward.

Gods

Better no Gods at all
Than mere magicians
Who stoop to conjurors' tricks and schemes
Or better none.
Than those that are born of pain and fear
And but exist in anguish's dreams
Yes, better none—by far
Then those who can but rule
While man remains a child,
Dishonest or a fool.
Again better none.
Than that master of creation
Who supports war, tyranny, and ambition
By manipulation
Give us a God or Gods—no matter.
Who rules in every situation
Omnipotent and dignified in every season
And better than ever
When man begins to reason.

GEORGE FRANKLIN PROCTOR.

Bewildered

When I was very young
  Before I'd seen so much of life;
Or sought my spurs
  Felt a lash
Or known a scar
  I heard the wise men
Of the street say,
  "One who has no luck at cards
    Has luck at love
And visa versa."
  But I have tried cards
Have played at love—
  Sans fortune at either
For I have only won
  At throwing dice;
Of which the wise men
  Of the street said, nothing.

GEORGE FRANKLIN PROCTOR.

SAMUEL COLERIDGE TAYLOR

By HENRY F. DOWNING

(Concluding Article)

AMONG the many pleasant occurrences experienced by Samuel Coleridge Taylor during his life there was none he more enjoyed, or more often talked about, than his first visit to America in 1904, in response to an invitation which had been extended to him by the Coleridge Taylor Choral Society, of Washington, D. C., to conduct a performance of his trilogy "Hiawatha."

On his arrival in the "City of Magnificent Distances," he was welcomed enthusiastically by a throng of colored folk. White lovers of music were present, too, who saluted him with an ode beginning:

"O, thou illustrious one, whose genius as the sun illumines our race!"

And later, on the eve of his departure from Washington, his face turned towards his home in England, this same society, all of its members in love with his personality, as well as proud of him because of his genius as a musician, presented to him a massive silver loving-cup bearing the inscription: "In appreciation of his achievements in the realm of music, by the S. Coleridge Taylor Choral Society of Washington, on his first visit to America to conduct 'Hiawatha' and 'Songs of Slavery,' Nov., 1904." There was also on the cup the following quotation from "Hiawatha":

"It is well for us, oh brother,
That you came so far to see us."

This loving cup was the young composer's most valued treasure—it was the show-piece in his house. And it may be well to mention here that it was because of the generosity of the donors of this beautiful loving-cup that after Coleridge Taylor's death his widow and children became the owners in fee simple of their comfortable home in Croydon.

Our composer was remarkably gifted with a fluency of ideas and a ready power of expression almost, if not quite, unrivaled. This was shown in the variety of his work in his festival compositions, which included, "The Blind Girl of 'Castel-Cuille'" (Leeds, 1901); "Meg Blane," (Sheffield, 1902); "The Atonement," (Hereford, 1903); "Kubla Khan," (Handel Society, 1906); and while none of these works added to his already great reputation, they served to show that the world was not mistaken as to the quality of his merit as a musician

Towards the latter part of his career Taylor was in great request as an adjudicator at Competitive Festivals, more particularly at those held in Wales and in the North of England, especially in the manufacturing cities of Leeds and Bradford, Yorkshire, where English is spoken in a way which even Londoners find it difficult to understand. His geniality, modesty and thoroughness, his uniform courtesy to the competitors, which even in the most trying moments never failed, his absolute fairness, all won him the respect of everybody concerned, and served to secure him the goodwill of the managers of these festivals—even Wrexam, Wales, well known for the rigid severity of its rules, dealt by him tenderly.

He entered upon this phase of his musical work at first with considerable fear and trembling, aroused in him perhaps by a remark made to him by Dr. Turpin, a well-known English musician, from whom he had asked advice. "My dear fellow," returned the doctor, frowning reminiscently, "don't you undertake the job at any price. You have no idea what adjudicating among savage Welchmen is like; why, it was only by the skin of my teeth that I escaped out of their town without being murdered. Shun National Eisteddfords, my boy!"

Chatting with me about this matter, after he had returned from one of his adjudicating expeditions, Taylor remarked: "After listening to Doctor Turpin, and somewhat frightened by his description of the savagery of the people in Wales, I determined not to accept their invitation to act as adjudicator at their forthcoming annual National Eisteddford; but a few days later, rates and taxes falling due, and Hiawatha and Gwenny (son and daughter) needing new shoes, I changed my mind and accepted the job."

I always knew when he was about to tell a humorous story, for, invariably, his eyes would begin twinkling, while his face became suffused with blood and his cheeks would swell like an inflated balloon, then, suddenly, out would burst a laugh, not an ordinary laugh, but a sort of pop that reminded one of a cork popping from a bottle of soda water. In the present instance, after giving one of his pop-laughs, he said:

"On my arrival at ——, Wales, I found that besides myself there were two adjudicators. We were taken to a hall containing three Punch and Judy like boxes erected at the tops of tall poles. I was made to enter one of these boxes, by means of a shakey ladder: and, as soon as I was inside of a box it was closely covered with a heavy cloth, thus depriving me of air and preventing me from seeing the contestants. I managed to make my list of marks as best I could in the dark, and threw it, after the

MRS. EVANS
Mother
of
SAMUEL
COLERIDGE
TAYLOR

contestants had finished their stunts, outside where it fluttered to the ground, to be gathered up and counted.

"But the Brass Band Contests took the palm," continued Taylor, after puffing at his cigarette. "I was taken into an expansive field and placed in a hole, about six feet in depth. The hole was covered with planks and its bottom flooded by falling rain; and there, standing almost kneedeep in the water, I had to make my marks, meanwhile cold chills kept running up and down my legs and back."

"They didn't seem to think very much of their adjudicator," said I laughingly.

"Thought that way myself," returned the composer, "and later I became sure that I had thought correctly. On my way from the open I saw two men belaboring another man, and thinking to get the manager, with whom I was walking, to interfere in behalf of the belabored, I called his attention to the struggling group. He smiled and said, 'Oh, that's all right, it's only an adjudicator.' I said no more, but hastened to the railway station, and as the train started on its journey, thanked God that I was safely out of the town."

ON Monday morning, September 2d, 1912, my wife and I were seated at our breakfast table; the food before us was inviting and our appetities were good. We ate no breakfast that morning, however, for my wife, suddenly glancing up from the newspaper she was reading, her face pale, exclaimed: "Oh, Harry!" Then, tears in her eyes, sobs in her voice, she added, "Coleridge Taylor is dead!"

His funeral, unfortunately somewhat theatrical in character, was attended by a great host amongst which were a number of West African Negroes, mostly sincere mourners, sprinkled with a few, who, although they had ignored him in his infancy, and during his struggling days when he needed help, now, claiming relationship with him, had come to simulate sorrow over his grave.

A few weeks later, in the evening of November 22, 1912, a memorial concert for the benefit of the dead composer's widow and children was given at Royal Albert Hall with great success. England's leading musicians, both vocal and instrumental, crowded the stage; royalty, titled and untitled gentry, and commonalty, filled the auditorium to overflowing; yet, if Taylor had been there, as perhaps he was in spirit, he would not have felt elated, for his mother, to whom he owed so much, and whom he had so dearly loved, was absent from the scene, regarding which "The Star," one of London's leading newspapers, in its issue of December 9, 1912, had this to say:

"Thousands of the dead composer's admirers were assembled at the Albert Hall that night listening to his music; but his mother, who had stinted herself to rear him, was denied the sad satisfaction of observing how well he had labored in behalf of English music. Coleridge Taylor was very fond of his mother, and for years he paid her a weekly visit in her little home in Croydon, and made her an allowance of money, which kept her home together. At his death this allowance stopped. The composer left only £800, and when a concert was arranged at the Albert Hall for the benefit of his wife and children the response was so splendid that £1,200 was raised. The composer's mother appears to have been entirely forgotten. Her case is a pathetic one. She was not invited to attend the memorial concert, was not able to pay for admission ticket, and it is now understood that it is not proposed to allow her any part of the £1,200 raised. Application has been made to the Prime Minister for a pension for Coleridge Taylor's relatives from the Royal Literary Fund; and it is hoped that if the Prime Minister recommends such a pension it will be apportioned so that the mother is provided for for the remainder of her days."

It affords the writer of these "Samuel Coleridge Taylor" sketches, of which this is the last, much satisfaction to be able authoritively to state that Colonel Waters, Taylor's great friend and guardian, and two others, were the moving spirits in this effort to secure a pension for the dead composer's mother, and that it was mainly due to their efforts that the pension was ultimately granted. This pension is still being paid to Coleridge's mother, and there is every reason to believe that the payments will not cease until she has gone to join her illustrious son.

Negro and Public Utilities

(*Continued from page 4*)

ployed by us, and the number in each class.

"1 Controllerman, 3 Machinists, 2 Machinist's Helpers, 3 Chauffeurs, 1 Storetender, 1 Blacksmith's Helper, 1 Messenger (office)."

While there seems a contradiction between the statement in the first reply and that in the second, it is encouraging to note the various positions open to Negroes in this company. Of course there is doubtless little hope there for the Negro stenographer, bookkeeper or accountant.

We heard also from Mr. Garrow T. Geer, secretary of the Third Avenue Railway system, a corporation controlling several street railways. Mr. Geer admitted that the companies of the system employed Negroes but—as the song goes "He didn't say how; he didn't say where." To our further inquiry, however, Mr. Geer sent the following illuminating reply:

"I am advised by our Employment Department that we have a number of Negro porters; none among our office employees and none on the cars."

The New York Edison Company

If you use electricity in New York City, its dollars to doughnuts that you buy it from the New York Edison Company, whose board of directors include such well-known capitalists as George T. Baker, George B. Cortelyou and Percy A. Rockefeller. Negroes buy it also in large quantities.

To our query, Mr. Frederick Smith, the treasurer, cautiously replied:

"It is the Company's policy to employ those applicants best fitted for the general and individual requirements of positions available, without regard to race, creed, color or politics."

This was, however, no answer to our query as to what positions Negroes occupied. One can best judge a company's policy by what it *does* rather than by what it *says*. Consequently we again inquired relative to the positions held by, or available to, citizens of Negro descent, to which one Mr. J. P. Jackson replied:

"You will have as complete a reply as I believe we can give if you will refer to the last paragraph of Mr. Smith's letter to you, dated October 26th . . . .

"We have colored people in a variety of positions in this Company as our selection of new employees is based strictly on their capacity for holding the positions to be filled."

Still we do not know *what* positions Negro citizens hold with this huge public utility. It is certain that we have never seen a Negro as clerk in one of their offices, as inspector of meters or as a worker outside.

American Railway Express Company

Our people move to and fro. Every time they move a trunk, this almost monopolistic express company handles it. Well, what chance has the Negro worker for employment with this Company?

Mr. Robert E. M. Cowie, president of the American Railway Express Company, replied that:

"This Company employs throughout the United States and especially in the South a very large number of Negroes. Their employment is in a great variety and number of positions having to do with the handling of our express matter."

From the New York City office, however, we learn that:

"In New York City Negroes are employed as elevator operators, cleaners, janitors and doormen. Majority of employees is (sic) Irish."

"In the Southland, Negroes are employed as drivers, porters, clerks as well as other positions similar to those in New York City."

We have visited hundreds of cities and towns in the Southland and have observed clerks of Negro descent at but two of the company's offices, and they were in all-Negro towns, but then the company knows best.

Needless to say, the two telegraph companies are "white only" as concerns employment.

We believe our readers have gathered from the foregoing survey just how the Negro workers stand with the public utilities doing business in the world's greatest city.

In subsequent numbers we shall publish the results of our inquiries on this subject in other large centers of Negro population.

The Theater

The Souls of Black Folks

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Announcement

The Krigwa Little Theater will open its second season January 10th with three plays, "Foreign Mail," "Mandy," and "Blue Blood." The program will be repeated January 19th and 24th. Tickets may be purchased from "Krigwa" members after December 20th, or obtained by writing to Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, No. 69 Fifth Avenue. All members of this little flock residing east of South Bend are urged to attend.

Warning to Linotypers

About two years ago, after observing two black girls give the most impressive exhibition of dancing I have ever seen, I attempted to explain what I mean when I use the word "classic" in the following sentence: ". . . . it was such dancing as sets the blood to marching and stirs the feelings as the Ode to a Nightingale or Shakespeare's twenty-ninth sonnet stirs the feelings." When I sent the article to press, the linotyper, God bless his soul, substituted "f" for "b" and changed the word "blood" to "flood," which, of course, took all the ballast out of the sentence and made it sound like something written by a man addicted to falsetto singing and lace-trimmed drawers.

That is only one of the numerous outrages I have suffered at the hands of linotypers and proofreaders. Time and again my fanciest jokes have been throttled by the machine men substituting periods for commas, commas for decimal points, question marks for dashes. Articles and prepositions seem to have no rights the press room is bound to respect. The law seems to be that whether they are retained in the text or elided from it depends solely on the whim of the linotyper. And any word alien to the common parlance of a cafeteria is subject to deportation without recourse to the dictionary or grammar. I once sent forth the relatively familiar word "askew." It disappeared forever, the word "asked" coming back in its place. The same misfortune has happened to "adulteration," "bathetic" and "picaresque," to mention only a few condemned words, the linotypers deciding that "adulation," "pathetic" and "picturesque" were more seemly. But for some reason I am unable to fathom "yclept" always gets through safe and whole.

If I were a worldly man this repeated emasculation of my feuilletons doubtless would be very annoying. It might even make me mad enough to seek some kind of revenge. But being a righteous man of sound fundamentalist beliefs, I have learned to regard the mischief of the composing room as only a part of the trials devised by Satan to try my faith. Furthermore, I am consoled by the knowledge that vengeance is still the Lord's and he will eventually even up the score with the typographical union and its various locals.

When the time arrives for Gabriel to sound his trump to rouse the quick and the dead, I intend to rise early in the morning and get a place at the head of the line before the judgment seat. There can be no doubt that I will be numbered with the righteous, and the first thing I shall ask for after passing through the pearly gates will be an appointment to the tribunal assigned to judge the members of the printing trades for the deeds done in the body. Since Heaven would not be Heaven if the saints were denied what they wish for, my request will be immediately granted. Then it's going to be pretty tough for linotypers and proof readers.

If the record shows the culprit before the bar has been addicted to suppressing prepositions and annuling adjectives he will be handed the original longhand copies of Joseph Conrad's manuscripts and condemned to sit on a hot rock in purgatory till he can present the copy in flawless galleys, even to the dotting of the last i. I'm betting five to one that "Nostromo" alone will keep his hips warm 6,000 years. The compositor who habitually transposes lines of type will get a severer sentence. He will be given the unpunctuated works of Henry James and a block of diorite and his task will be to carve enough commas out of the stone with a lead penknife to make the copy readable. But the heaviest sentence of the Celestial Baumes law will be reserved for the linotyper who makes a practice of wrecking the sense of the text by ignoring punctuation. He will simply be required to pick a peck of periods out of a million tons of pepper with his hands securely encased in 8 oz. boxing gloves.

New Year Greetings to the Dean

As the members of this club know only too well I require so many blossoms for the bouquets I'm continually presenting myself, I seldom have a bud left over to give to anybody else. One of the few times when I have offered a little gift of roses to a fellow hack was when I briefly intimated that Romeo Dougherty, of the *Amsterdam News*, because of the value of his services to the stage, was the outstanding colored theatrical writer. The word I used was dean.

It is true I had an ax to grind. I suggested that Mr. Dougherty, as the leader of Harlem reviewers, undertake a certain crusade for the benefit of the rest of us. I was sincere even in that, however, for one of the main duties of leadership is to take up the battles of the rank and file.

Now, after two years and ten months, appears a spread in the *Pittsburgh Courier* hailing Mr. Dougherty as the dean of eastern journalists. This is agreeably flattering to my judgment of men and things, for I based my opinion of Mr. Dougherty solely on his contemporary writings. I was not familiar with his long and active career as friend, helper and adviser of scores of colored actors and athletes.

It appears in the *Courier* article that Mr. Dougherty has been journalistic wet nurse to almost a tenth of the colored theatrical profession, including those who did not know they were being benefitted by his services. It is not now my intention to steal Calvin' stuff and dwell on Mr. Dougherty's numerous activities as self-appointed ambassador at large for the colored actor and athlete. (All leaders are self-appointed.) Quite as significant, it seems to me, have been the quality and influence of his writing.

The distinguishing marks of Mr. Dougherty's writing are his sincerity and simplicity of expression. He does not try to write like Charles Lamb or Alexander Woolcott. He does not affect any pose of critical "detachment," with one eye cocked on the decadent intellectuals of Greenwich Village. He is not ashamed of his emotions. He expresses himself simply and warmly, sometimes passionately, about the things which excite his interest as a colored New Yorker. Because his interest seldom wanders south of 125th Street, he is exerting an increasing influence on the popular thought of the community and gradually getting it in the general mind that the theater is a serious and important field of human endeavor.

Not once since the vogue of the night club came, have I known Mr. Dougherty to employ the words "pagan" and "exotic." Contrary to the opinion of the intellectuals, he takes the sensible point of view that the night clubs do not foster art but foster prostitution instead. He knows, too, that the Negro Theater cannot be stimulated from the outside and that the most white people can do is not put any barriers in its way. The barriers which have already been erected he is unremittingly laboring to break down. This, I say not as a moralist, but as a man who loves beauty, is a more wholesome esthetic creed than has ever been expressed by all the intellectuals put together.

Ahem! Yes, thanks, I'll take a ride in the new Buick.

For a stimulating discussion on the Race Problem in this country, see page 11.

GROUP TACTICS AND IDEALS

The following questionnaire was recently sent to Negroes in all parts of the country. Some of the first answers received appear below. What do you think about it? We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers to the extent of 200 words. Address letters to The Forum Editor of THE MESSENGER.

1. Is the development of Negro racial consciousness (a definite group psychology, stressing and laudation of things Negro) compatible with the ideal of Americanism (Nationalism) as expressed in the struggle of the Aframericans for social and industrial equality with all other citizens?

2. Will this ideal of equal rights and privileges be realized within the next century?

3. If and when this ideal is realized, will it or will it not result in the disappearance of the Negro population through amalgamation?

4. If the struggle for the attainment of full citizenship rights and privileges, including industrial equality, is to result in the disappearance of the Negro through amalgamation, do you consider the present efforts to inculcate and develop a race consciousness to be futile and confusing?

5. Do you consider complete amalgamation of the whites and blacks necessary to a solution of our problem?

6. Do you desire to see the Aframerican group maintain its identity and the trend toward amalgamation cease?

7. Can a minority group like the Aframericans maintain separate identity and group consciousness, obtain industrial and social equality with the citizens of the majority group, and mingle freely with them?

8. Do you or do you not believe in segregation, and if so, in what form?

SOME OF THE MANY ANSWERS

Lots More Next Month—Send Yours

1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. No. 5. No. 6. Yes. 7. No. 8. No.

Benjamin J. Davis,
Editor, The Atlanta Independent, Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Will not. 4. Yes, surely. 5. Not necessary. 6. Am not over anxious. 7. Yes. 8. Do not believe in it in any form.

J. Edward Nash,
Pastor, Michigan Avenue Baptist Church Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

1. Yes, both are compatible since Americanism, itself, is also a stressing and laudation of things American, hence, too, an evidence of the inferiority complex. Black Babbitts and white Babbitts usually get along well together since the former usually has both white and black complexes. If, however, nationality in America ever becomes the dignified homegeneous thing it is in England, France, or any of the European countries, then decidedly NO. Americanism, so far as the Negro is concerned, is, at present, largely a stressing that this is "a white man's country."

2. I think so.

3. The Negro group cannot last another century if one judges by the past and present. The Negro is but a white man inside, his whole training making him so, hence, it is only a matter of time when his outside will wear the same hue.

4. No, the masses of mankind, white or black, seem incapable of regarding themselves simply as human beings, and can be stirred to self-respect only by a group appeal.

5. What we have in America is a color problem, not a race problem. The white man objects socially, to the Negro's color, hence remove the red rag and you appease the bull. Perhaps, however, when the Negro has almost disappeared, that is, too few to be profitably exploited, he will become an object of curiosity for preservation like the Indian and the Buffalo.

6. A matter of as much indifference to me as what is taking place in the variable nebula in Monoceros.

7. It has not been able to do so neither in America nor elsewhere. Negro and Caucasian have been mixing for eight thousand years.

8. No.

J. A. Rogers,
Noted Negro Author and Journalist.

* * *

1. I believe the development of Negro racial consciousness is compatible with the ideal of Americanism as expressed in the struggle of the colored American for absolute equality. I should regard this as merely one further step in the struggle. It would seem that the development of a definite group psychology should provide a cohesive mass power to accomplish the ultimate ideal of social and industrial equality.

2. I seriously doubt whether the American ideal of equal rights and privileges will be fully realized within the next century, unless brought about by world conditions outside of America. However, due to a certain sense of fair play in American life, together with increasing power and intelligence of the Negro, I believe conditions must approach the ideal of equal rights and privileges within the next century.

3. If and when this ideal is realized, I do not think it would mean the disappearance of the Negro population of America through amalgamation, as an immediate result. Ultimately, although possibly centuries removed, I believe that amalgamation will be the final result—unless world conditions, at present unforeseen—change the course of American life.

4. By no means do I consider present efforts to inculcate and develop a race consciousness to be futile and confusing, even though full industrial rights may result in the disappearance of the Negro through amalgamation. As before suggested, this development is merely one step in the struggle and the use of mass power and cooperation should hasten the end desired.

5. I do not consider complete amalgamation of whites and blacks necessary to the solution of our problem, but I consider that over several centuries conditions beyond our immediate control will possibly accomplish this result.

6. As a purely selfish emotion, I should at present desire to see the Aframerican group maintain its identity and the trend toward amalgamation cease. Aside from all other considerations he is not yet strong enough to act individually, and to act as a unit it would appear that he must be brought together in a group through the development of race consciousness.

7. Through a higher standard of intelligence of all Americans, and a development of a really liberal spirit in America, I believe a minority group like the Aframericans can maintain separate identity and group consciousness, obtain industrial and social equality with citizens of the majority group and mingle freely with them.

8. I do not believe in segregation in any form whatever.

Wilson Lovett,
President, First Standard Bank, Louisville, Ky.

* * *

1. The development of racial consciousness is a good thing within bounds. A certain measure of racial consciousness is especially necessary in a minority submerged group if there is to be sufficient pride, self-respect and a worthy valuation of its kind to enable it to survive and stand the pressure of the dominant majority group. Without such racial consciousness the submerged minority group will become permanent and contented serfs. On the other hand too much racial consciousness will tend to destroy a submerged minority group. Racial consciousness is only useful as a weapon to enable those who hold it to gain certain ends. There is nothing of particular worth in it per se. Regarded in this light the development of Negro racial consciousness within bounds is not incompatible with the ideal of the Negro obtaining full equality with all other citizens in America.

2. I do not believe that this ideal of equal

rights and privileges will be realized within the next century, as this appears too short a time to dispel crystallized prejudices, caste practices and social inhibitions. Some cataclysmic upheaval, however, might bring this ideal to pass within the next century.

3. The attaining of equal rights and privileges on the part of the Negro will probably result in the ultimate disappearance of the Negro population through almalgamation and the perhaps perceptible darkening of the white population.

4. I do not regard the present efforts to inculcate and develop race consciousness to be futile or confusing even in view of ultimate amalgamation because I regard development of such race consciousness as a necessity to enable the Negro to gain sufficient strength, unity of action, and power of organization to win for himself industrial, civil and social equality. In fact, paradoxical as it may seem, the more highly the Negro is inclined to regard himself, the more pride he has in his race, the greater the probability of amalgamation.

5. There are no circumstances in the relationship of the Negro to whites in this country that are unique. Always in history without a single recorded exception, where a minority group dwells in the midst of a majority group, sooner or later amalgamation results unless one or the other group is removed. Defining "necessary" as meaning bound to occur, I do regard amalgamation as necessary to the solution of our problem. Further may I say that amalgamation is already rapidly taking place and will continue whatever the future status of the Negro may be.

6. I have no feeling against the Aframerican group becoming absorbed into the majority group in America and so losing its identity. There is, scientifically speaking, but one race, the human race, and groups usually termed races are only those who differ from their fellows as a result of transient and temporary environmental conditions. There is nothing sacred in race used in the usual sense.

7. As no minority group in history has ever attained a position of equality and remained separate from the majority group, I do not believe that this is possible for the Aframerican.

8. I do not believe in any form of compulsory segregation.

Robert W. Bagnall,
Director of Branches, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, New York, N. Y.

* * *

1. No answer agreed upon.

2. This ideal of equal rights and privileges will not be realized within the next century. A much longer time will be required.

3. When this ideal is realized it will result in the gradual disappearance of the Negro population (as such) through amalgamation.

4. Even though the ultimate solution of the problem of race contacts be amalgamation, the development of a race consciousness is not futile, for amalgamation (from the Negro's point of view) should not mean an absorption in which all traits and characteristics of the Negro are eliminated; it should mean a fusion of races, culturally, as well as biologically. The development of Negro race consciousness will help to insure the carrying over of Negro social culture into the new composite race which will result from amalgamation. The development of this race consciousness may be confusing, since it may tend to emphasize certain differences between the two racial groups, and thus retard the formation of those friendly relationships which lead to intermarriage and hence to amalgamation.

5. Yes. Complete amalgamation is necessary to a complete solution.

6. No. Such would be an artificial restriction of a natural tendency. With full industrial and social equality, social intercourse is almost inevitable.

7. Separate racial identity and group consciousness are opposed to free mingling with the majority group, and to an extent even to the acquisition of social and industrial equality. The development of a group consciousness will, without doubt, retard that free mingling of the two groups which is necessary before amalgamation can take place.

8. Segregation is probably the only solution in situations (such as education) where the Negro, as a minority group, would suffer irreparable injury without it. When segregation is employed in any activity it should remain voluntary with the weaker group (as in the case of Negro churches); it should be employed when, where and to the extent which the particular situation seems to demand. Segregation would never be rendered definite, permanent and compulsory by legal statute.

Opinion of the faculty of Lincoln University, Jefferson City, Mo., brought out in a discussion headed by the President,
N. B. Young.

* * *

1. (a) Before No. 1 can be intelligently answered it is necessary that one should have some very definite understanding concerning just what is "The ideal of Americanism." The expression "The ideal of Americanism" is too vague to mean anything. If the word in parenthesis (Nationalism) which directly follows the said expression, is inserted by way of explanation, then it matters little whether anything is compatible with it. Nationalism is passé, or if not so, it is at least senescent. Internationalim is nascent. Any serious student of society knows this.

(b) If question No. 1 was framed to ask "Is the development of Negro racial consciousness compatible with his struggle for social and industrial equality with all other citizens?" I would answer "No," for the reason that such consciousness will inspire in him a tendency to perpetuate certain physical characteristics which are at variance with those of the dominant group which has in its power to grant or to withhold that which is desired.

2. The ideal of equal rights and privileges will be realized neither in the next century nor in the next thousand centuries for the reason that absolute justice has no existence upon this earth, never has, and never will. Not even an approximation to this ideal will be realized in the next century, due to the over-development of Nordic consciousness and the well-nigh physical impossibility for America so completely to mongrelize itself in the next century sufficiently to catch the eye and ear of an overweening and recalcitrant Nordicism to such an extent as to compel it to consider a compromise.

3. When the approximation to this ideal is reached it will result not in the disappearance of the Negro population; for indeed, the disappearance of the Negro population is a condition precedent to the approximation to the ideal of social and industrial equality unless Giddings was wholly wrong in his "Consciousness of kind."

4. I consider the present efforts to develop a race consciousness to be futile due to the prepotency of the Nordic soul. By soul I understand it to be as L. F. Ward has defined it, "The collective feelings of individuals and their resultant efforts." This futility is rendered all the more apparent due to the force back of that soul—the force of wealth, intelligence and numbers.

5. I consider biological identity of the whites and blacks necessary to a thoroughgoing solution of our problem. With economic revolution heading the list of the near solutions, since it will go a long way toward changing the National psychology on the Negro and extracting the economic advantage from prejudice, may be mentioned articles, agitation, speeches and propaganda of all sorts. All these will help some, but I am still mental midget enough to believe that our difficulties here will be settled for good and all only "between the sheets." An observation which may not tickle the palate so much of the inculcators and perpetuators of race consciousness in the Negro, is that the open concubinage of the Negro female and the white male which has resulted in a spawn of some three million mulattoes being thrown back upon the dominated group must be declared—as painful as it may sound to the ears of the moralist, the race consciousness and race purity fanatics—a step forward toward racial adjustment in this country. These raceless (?) forms (correctly named according to modern acceptations of the word race, although incorrectly designated in the scientific sense since race purity is a myth) besides being accorded preferences and favors by both white and black upon the social and economic fields, are voraciously gobbled up by the Negro (which is proof positive that the American Negro has no soul of his own) among whom are often numbered those very same Negroes who are the loudest horn blowers of the agitation blues for all things Negro. At the same time these half-castes are looked longingly and even lustfully upon by the sons and grandsons, daughters and grand-daughters of their fathers and grandfathers. Just as the concubinage just referred to has had to be considered, so also in the present and future, illegitimacy in all of its forms must be reckoned with as potent a factor in the equation as legitimacy. The biological leavening process has no concern with the "how." The reproductive social force with a cosmic urge of a hundred or more million years behind it to egg it on, has of itself, no inherent regard for any such recent man made regulation as the family

which tomorrow may be only a memory.

Since biological identity is inevitable, I desire only that the Negro male and the white female be allowed as free a hand in the working out of the process as the white male and the Negro female have historically enjoyed.

6. I could almost be excused for saying that I desire to see the Aframerican group maintain its identity and the trend toward amalgamation cease since no one wants to be identified with a moribund anything, but for a group to have accepted in toto the langauge, religion, culture, all of the ideals and aspirations of another and dominant group to me spells conquest of the soul, or worse, a Caucasian soul grafted upon the Negro stock. Biological identity is just a matter of time. Here to my mind is the rock upon which Garveyism founders in the western world.

7. With a Nordic group consciousness full-grown, over-developed and over-nourished by press, pulpit, platform, stage, screen, school and radio, a minority group which is the negation of nearly every constituent element in that consciousness to expect social and industrial equality *so long as that consciousness lives* seems a contradiction since such surrender inevitably involves a renunciation of the very life-blood of that consciousness.

8. From what has been said it would be impossible to express a belief in segregation and be consistent.

Thomas Kirksey,
Lawyer, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

1. The idea of a definite Negro group psychology is not incompatible with the ideal of American or any other nationalism. The stressing of things Negro tends to build up a justifiable pride in the accomplishments of our racial brothers and tends to stimulate the imitation of or improvement on the worthy deeds of fellow Negroes. Social and industrial equality will only come when an actual equality through proper training, accomplishments and creations demand and justify that equality.

2. No.

3. It may result in the disappearance of the physical aspects of the Negro.

4. No. Pride in the history of an racial group, especially the one to which you belong, is not futile and should not cause confusion.

5. It is not necessary but it seems to be inevitable.

6. No. Accomplishments based on color alone seem futile to me. Bleyden, I think, said: "I am a man and whatever interests mankind interests me."

7. It is possible but not probable here because of the thoughts of the American public as a whole on the subject. In Rome the minorities while they suffered somewhat from political disability, were very seldom denied social and industrial recognition.

8. I do not believe in any form of segregation. It infringes on my idea of personal liberty.

Harold E. Simmelkjaer,
Clerk in the Supreme Court of the State of New York

1. No. I believe there should be no stressing and laudation of things Negro, since we are all American citizens; but since the line is so tightly drawn, the Negro must show his racial consciousness to defend his right as a lawful and useful citizen.

2. That will depend on circumstances, if we can mould a healthy public sentiment, showing our worth and strength as worthy citizens, we may accomplish our aim.

3. Yes, for the races will become accustomed to socializing and it will be only a matter of culture and wealth and religion.

4. Yes, we will have to begin all over, and habits are hard to overcome.

5. I am undecided on that question, but I am inclined to believe that it will be the quickest way.

6. Yes, at this time.

7. I can only say I have known of the same being accomplished, but very difficult in this country, I think.

8. I do not believe in segregation in any form, but it seems that there is a steady public sentiment amongst both races for it.

C. H. Douglass,
President, The Middle Georgia Savings and Investment Company, Macon, Ga.

* * *

1. I believe the ideal of equal rights and privileges will be realized within the next century.

2. When the ideal of equal rights and privileges to all is reached the Afro-Americans will not disappear through amalgamation.

3. Since I do not believe amalgamation is necessary to attain justice, I do not consider the effort to develop race consciousness futile. So much has been said and done to make us feel and appear inferior in every way. Too much can not be done to change this thinking.

4. I do not consider amalgamation necessary to the solution of our problems. The problem can be solved in the hearts of men and each maintain their identity.

5. I would like to see the Afro-American group maintain its identity.

6. I believe a minority group like the Afro-American can maintain separate identity and group consciousness and obtain industrial and social equality with other citizens, and mingle freely with them. I do not believe in segregation in any form.

(Miss) Doris D. Wooten,
Secretary, Blue Triangle Branch, Y. W. C. A., Houston, Texas.

* * *

1. It seems to me that all of the Nationality groups in America, Irish, Roumanian, Polish, Jewish, are stressing and lauding themselves and this in spite of the fact that, except in the case of the Jews, this sort of behavior need not be construed as defensive. As Negroes in America we must defend our traditions, our moral standing, our right to be considered of a piece with other Americans, legally, socially and industrially. Such behavior need not necessarily be incompatible with Nationalism but we can never be Americans on any other terms than those we make ourselves.

2. I believe that another century will see many of the present inequalities disappear. The Architecture of the South, however, is building these inequalities into stone and concrete in its theatres, railroad stations and other public buildings, while its white and black students are getting together. I cannot prophesy.

3. and 5. I am sure that amalgamation is going on and the group is losing its mulattoes who are most valuable as a buffer between the whites and the group. We can ill afford to lose them and they can ill afford to stay with us. I do not believe that we must wait for complete amalgamation to have at least as much freedom as the separate Jews have here in the South.

4. Amalgamation, if it comes at all, will come slowly and as the result of natural human behavior. In the meantime nothing is futile or confusing which brings us to full manhood stature. I am sure that we shall be men long before we are all white men.

6. Your question is like asking if I would desire that the great Mississippi might empty some day into the Great Lakes. Why waste time desiring?

7. I think that the Jews have maintained some separateness and some group consciousness and yet have free movement here in the South. The separateness will be less definite as the other barriers are removed and mingling is freer.

8. I do not believe in segregation in any form whatever.

W. A. Robinson,
President, The National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools, Raleigh, N. C.

* * *

1. To this question, I would unhesitatingly answer, Yes. The Negro in common with all other nationals that compose the Citizenship of America, must be taught to revere "A DEFINITE GROUP PSYCHOLOGY STRESSING AND LAUDING THINGS NEGRO." He need not concern himself about abstract social questions, as in America nor no other country, so far as my information goes, does social equality exist. "INDUSTRIAL EQUALITY WITH ALL OTHER CITIZENS," is quite another proposition. I take it that the word industrial conveys the idea or thought of labor. True Americanism must put and does place all labor, whether skilled or common, on the same wage scale of equality. Qualification, ability to do the labor required, must be the only test.

2. I would answer "Yes" and "No." Yes, human rights shall not only come to all men regardless of color in the next hundred years in these United States, but everywhere. The word PRIVILEGES is too broad and covers such an endless variety of abstract rights; until there can be no just rule formulated to enforce what we commonly insist upon as "PRIVILEGES" in social matters.

3. My answer is that the basic rights of human beings to life, labor, peace, happiness and to enjoy the fruits of their labor does in no way tend toward amalgamation. I can not conceive of a time when Negroes did not exist or did not live on the earth, neither can I think of a time when by reasons of amalgamation the Negro population will disappear through the vice of amalgamation. The Negro, like all other

Nations, will preserve his kind and reproduce them to the end of time.

4. I do not admit that the "Struggle for the Attainment of full Citizenship, Rights and Privileges Including Industrial Equality" will result in the disappearance of the Negro through amalgamation, or any other route; nor do I consider the present efforts to inculcate and develop a Race consciousness to be futile and confusing. I believe the reverse of your statement, and think that the Negro should struggle on without a thought of amalgamation and develop a Race consciousness equal to the best found in any race.

5. I answer that I do not desire or wish for amalgamation of Whites and Blacks either as a part or as the whole and I do not think that amalgamation is necessary to a solution of a problem of justice or of human rights.

6. I answer that no self-respecting Negro from my view-point, who has the ability to formulate a decent opinion that should or would commend itself to others of his kind, can desire or wish the source of his own existence to lose its identity. He must therefore wish and earnestly desire to maintain group identity and wish and desire that the trend (if there be such a fact) toward amalgamation cease.

7. I answer, Yes, the majority will in time adopt and execute rules of industrial equality to protect human society regardless of color, and the Negro will develop a group-consciousness that will be no bar to free mingling in business, commerce and all industrial and political phases of the national life.

8. I believe that segregation is the natural bent of human being. I prefer to associate, fraternize, and while away leisure hours with my kind. No fixed rule can prevent me from possessing these desires and inclinations.

Wm. M. McDonald,
President, Fraternal Bank and Trust Co., Ft. Worth, Texas.

* * *

1. The Negro racial consciousness can be compared easily with the progressing ideal of the white group. Of course, we do not deny the fact that we are not allowed to express our consciousness; and participate in the construction of the fundamental principles of the American ideals.

2. The ideal of equal rights is being realized in the existing century, but it is handicapped by the overwhelming weight of prejudice.

3. The ideal is existing through realization with no effect. But the moment that this effect is applied I will venture to say that it will play an important part on the disappearance of the Negro color through amalgamation, but not the race.

4. I do not think the effort coupled with progress along the lines of race consciousness are useless nor confusing. They have nothing whatsoever to do with the disappearance of the race through amalgamation. Because amalgamation depends entirely upon the will of the two different races.

5. Furthermore, I do not consider amalgamation as a compromise for the race problem at all. I believe consciousness more

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REWARDING NEGRO ACHIEVEMENT

Dr. George E. Haynes, Secretary of the Commission on the Church and Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches, has announced the first annual awards of the Harmon Foundation to Negroes whom the judges considered to have made important contributions in creative work.

The Harmon Awards included in their scope, besides Fine Arts, the fields of Science, Education, Literature, Business, Religion and Music, all of which were open only to American Negroes. Recognition of highest achievement in each field carried with it $400 and a gold medal and for second place, $100 was given with a bronze medal. The purpose of these awards was to establish a stimulative level toward which Negro people might strive whose exceptional work lacks the recognition to bring it to the fore.

Added to those for which only Negroes were eligible a further single award of $500 was offered, open to either white or colored candidates, making the greatest constructive contribution to the betterment of race relations. This went to Will W. Alexander of Atlanta, Ga., a Southern white man who is executive director of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation. The judges on Race Relations were: Bishop R. E. Jones, M. E. Church, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. F. F. Stephens, President, Woman's Missionary Council, M. E. Church South; Dr. Alva W. Taylor, Social Service Secretary, Indianapolis, Ind.; Dean Shailer Mathews, School of Religion, University of Chicago; Prof. Samuel McCune Lindsay, Columbia University.

Fine Arts—First Award: Palmer C. Hayden, 33 years old, of New York, N. Y., for his five oil paintings of land and water scenes. Second Award: Hale Woodruff of Indianapolis, Ind., for his oil paintings, four of which were landscapes.

Judges: William A. Boring, Director of the School of Architecture, Columbia University; Francis C. Jones, painter, teacher, New York Academy of Design; Laura Wheeler, artist and teacher, Cheney Training School for Teachers, Cheney, Pa.; Grosvenor Atterbury, architect; William E. Harmon, of the Harmon Foundation.

Science—First award to James C. Evans, twenty-six years of age, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for his theses submitted for the Bachelor's and Master's degrees at that institution, on the effect of the closeness of coupling on maximum signal in a regenerative network. He has made studies in radio which are original and clear up points that have been disputed in the past. Mr. Evans' home is in Miami, Florida. W. A. Daniel, thirty-one years old, was awarded second place for his scientific study on "The Education of Negro Ministers."

Judges: Edwin E. Slosson, chemist and editor of "Science Service," Washington, D. C.; E. E. Just, Professor of Biology, Howard University, Washington, D. C.; Jacob H. Hollander, economist, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.; John Hays Hammond, scientist and author; Kenneth Duncan, business man.

Education—Virginia Estelle Randolph, who beginning with a one-room rural school in Virginia developed an educational system adapted to the home and life needs in the Negro sections, received the first award in Education. Her system has developed until now it reaches hundreds of rural communities in the South, and competent educators are of the opinion that it will doubtless be copied in parts of Africa and other countries. Miss Randolph has been engaged in educational work over thirty years and is at present the Supervisor of Negro Rural Schools of Virginia. The second award was made to Arthur A. Schomburg of New York, for his work in collecting publications and other library material on Negro life and history—a valuable source of information for the historian and student. His rare educational storehouse has recently been purchased and made a permanent collection of the New York Public Library.

Judges: Edward T. Devine, Dean of the American University, Washington, D. C.; John Hope, President of Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga.; Paul Monroe, Director of the International Institute, Teachers College, Columbia University; Dr. James H. Dillard, President, Jeannes-Slater Fund, was away in Europe and the Far East since August and did not participate as a judge; Samuel McCune Lindsay, Professor, Social Legislation, Columbia University.

Literature—Countee Cullen of New York, twenty-three years old, was accorded the first award in Literature, for his outstanding work "Color," a volume of poems published in 1926 by Harper and Brothers. The second award was given to James Weldon Johnson of New York, whose editorial work and essay on the "Book of American Negro Spirituals" was believed to be of national significance.

Judges: Henry G. Leach, Editor of the "Forum"; J. E. Spingarn, author and literary critic; William Stanley Braithwaite, poet and editor; John H. Finley, Editor, "New York Times"; Mrs. Adele L. Ramsdell, literary critic.

Industry including Business—C. C. Spaulding of Durham, N. C., who brought to a successful development an insurance company for Negroes, received the first award in Business. Mr. Spaulding has also constructively assisted Negro enterprises toward a firm financial basis. A. A. Alexander of Des Moines, Iowa, a graduate of the University of Iowa, received the second award. He has built up his own contracting business in the locality where he received his education and has successfully completed nearly $5,000,000 worth of work, ranging in variety from small pavement contracts to the building of concrete bridges, heating plants and tunnels.

Judges were: Sam A. Lewisohn, financier; Henry S. Dennison, President, Dennison Manufacturing Company; Robert R. Moton, President, National Negro Business League and Principal, Tuskegee Institute; John R. Hawkins, banker and Financial Secretary, A. M. E. Church, and William E. Harmon.

Religion—Max Yergan of Raleigh, N. C., was given the first award in Religion. He

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EDITORIALS

SURELY the election of a Negro to Congress will not stop lynching, abolish the jim-crow car or eliminate disfranchisement; although he may use Congress as a public forum from which to challenge these American iniquities, and to arouse and mould public sentiment against them.

A Negro Congressman

History has shown that the most militant advocates against the oppression of a group come from that group itself.

Irish must lead the fight for Irish independence, Hindus for India's freedom, Jews against pogroms, and the Negro must expect to bear the brunt of the fight for his freedom. This fight must be lead by him in politics and labor with the co-operation of those white friends who believe in the righteousness of his cause. Friends can never do for the Negro what the Negro can and must do for himself in every field of activity.

Hence, it is the most logical and natural course of action for the Negro to adopt a program for the election of a Negro to Congress. It is an evidence of political weakness and ignorance for fifteen million Negroes to be without a single representative in Congress.

Moreover, its spiritual significance to the race is incalculable. It will also serve as a protest against and a lesson to the southern representatives, the presence of all of whom is based upon the disfranchisement of black American citizens.

Now the question naturally arises as to where will Negro congressmen come from.

An examination of the political map of the country reveals that New York, Chicago and St. Louis are the three places in which it is possible to elect Negro congressmen if Negroes are capable of effecting the proper political unity. There is no intelligent reason why Negroes should not succeed Dyer of St. Louis, Madden of Chicago, and Weller of New York. While each one of these men might have done the best he could it has not been sufficient. To rely upon them as the political saviors of the Negro is childish and indefensible. It has only been made possible by the selfishness, venality and ignorance of Negro politicians. The remedy lies in intelligent political organizations and action piloted by men who are beyond the reaches of corruption.

SINCE the notorious peace of Versailles, conference after conference has been held to achieve the rehabilitation of Europe. Most of these conferences have been political whereas the nature of the ailment of Europe in particular and the world in general is economic. Who is going to control and exploit the iron, coal, oil, rubber, trade routes and labor of the undeveloped countries of the world is the concealed question behind practically all political manoeuvers. The increasing devastation of wars is compelling capitalist nations to seek a more amicable settlement of the allocation and division of these world economic stakes.

An Economic Conference

Obviously the hope of Europe lies in the building up of some economic entente which will also make for political unity. Of course, this will not remove entirely the seeds of conflict. For the East is East and West is West and it will take many weary years before the twain shall meet. But meantime, Europe seeks relief from nationalistic rivalries that express themselves in destructive wars, in economic rather than political conferences.

It is quite apparent that the old cunning diplomats schooled in wire-pulling and Machiavellian machinations are intellectually and spiritually unfit to meet the challenge of Europe's economic chaos. They erroneously prescribe political remedies for an economic malady. The result is greater and more alarming complications.

As Europe is woefully wrong in method and technique in handling her problems, so the Negro is dismally far-afield in method and technique in handling his problems.

While the political method cannot be underestimated, it is not nearly so significant as the economic. Besides, when the political method is employed it should articulate the economic interests of the group.

But Negroes are not economically minded, for their leadership has been and is religious, political and literary.

Conferences have been held on every phase of life of the Negro except the economic, the most important. It cannot be said that the Negro Business League "meets" are economic. They are mostly social. We have never known of any pretense on the part of the League of ever seeking a remedy for the economic plight of the race. It is largely a glorification of Negro business achievement, a sort of mutual back-scratching among those who come together.

Thus, we believe that the time is ripe for a national economic conference of the Negro, a conference which will frankly face and study the economic condition and future of the Negro in the light of modern economic trends in America in particular and the world in general.

The subject of such a conference should embrace the progressive industrialization of the South, the migration movement, organized labor and the Negro worker, Negro business and cooperative movement.

What do these phenomena mean to the Negro worker, which virtually involves the entire race, must be answered or we become more unwitting of our way and less fit to meet the challenge of organized society.

NUMEROUS delegations of students, social workers, preachers, educators, business men and scientists, have gone to Europe and other sections of the world to study conditions of varying interests. It is almost proverbial that travel broadens the view-point of individuals.

A Delegation To Europe

Europeans and Asiatics are constantly coming to America and Americans are going in increasing numbers to foreign countries. Contacts are formed, knowledge is gained and relations are improved. The observation of the culture, habits and life of foreign people, the study of their problems and their methods of approaching them, robs each race or nation of a large measure of its exaggerated importance in the world. It also enables each to grapple more successfully with its problems.

It is for these reasons that THE MESSENGER suggests that a delegation of Negroes with the new economic, social, religious, educational and political viewpoints visit Europe, Asia and Africa, to study various phases of life, education, industry, business, the cooperative and labor movements, social hygiene, the slum proletariat, crime, trends in politics, literature, religion, sex, the family, the oppression of minorities, the revolution in Soviet Russia, Fascism in Italy, etc.

Such a delegation should be composed of men and women who have the new scientific approach to modern social, economic and political problems, persons who are intellectually and spiritually prepared to give a true picture of the Negro, of the newer tendencies manifest among them, to the European and Asiatic worlds.

Their studies and interpretations should be suggestively revealing in social, political and economic technique and methodology.

Europeans and Asiatics are distressingly misinformed on

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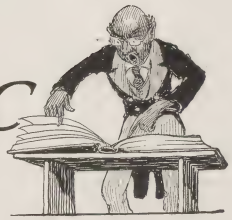
The Critic

Do they tell the truth



By J. A. ROGERS

Oil Lands and the Marriage Market

The following is from the Knoxville Journal (white):

"From New York comes an interesting story concerning the alleged kidnaping of a wealthy Indian from Oklahoma. The story is that a white woman kidnaped and married him and persuaded him to give her, and to objects in which she was interested, many hundreds of thousands of dollars. If it had been a white man she would probably not have used methods sufficiently crude to get her involved with the law.

"But the lady in question is far from being the only white person engaged zealously in robbing the Indians of the wealth which the discovery of oil or other valuables on their lands has brought to them. The Indians were located in the old Indian Territory which afterwards became Oklahoma, chiefly because white folks wanted the lands which they were then occupying in various parts of the country and had developed enough conscience so that they no longer felt free to kill them off or drive them away at the point of the rifle.

"Indian Territory was picked because it seemed at that time to promise to be of as little use to white people as any available land of sufficient area in the country. The whites knew nothing about the oil down there at that time and they did not anticipate a demand for farms which would make even the land in that region seem desirable for agriculture. If they had they would have done something else with the Indians. But, seeing they made this mistake and made the Indians a present of tremendous value, they are seeking to correct it in any way now available by getting the simple minded Indian's money away from him, even if they have to kidnap and marry him to achieve that result."

Some years ago while consulting the statutes of the various states regarding so-called intermarriage, it flashed into my mind that since the Indians in Oklahoma were wealthy, that marriages between them and Negroes would surely be prohibited, the whites wishing the Indians for themselves. Then I looked it up and there it was just as I had divined. The only other state forbidding the marriage of Indian and Negro is North Carolina, but in that state the same prohibition holds for Caucasians. In the Oklahoma Constitution, the Indian, who is jet black, compared with many so-called Negroes, is classed as "white."

And so would the Negro in every part of this country if he had oil fields and wealth. It would be the same here as in Europe, where the only real blackness one needs fear is lack of money. There the poor white man looks as black as any Senegambian. As Shakespeare wrote:

"Oh, what a world of vile ill-favored faults
Look handsome on three hundred pounds
a year."

* * *

Some years ago a struggling acquaintance of mine suddenly fell into a bit of money. Before, no white salesman ever bothered him but now they began to pour into his office like bees who smell loose honey from afar. How all of them suddenly got news of his windfall is still a mystery to me.

The white man is after business; the Negro, with his mind in the skies, and thoroughly informed about the doings of Moses, Joshua, Zerubbabel and other ancient and mythical Jews, but as ignorant as a Bushman about economics and the law of economic determinism, attributes his present treatment to sentiment.

Economic determinism simply means that the run of humanity, red, yellow, or Alice blue, puts cash above color; or silver above sermons.

* * *

Frankenstein to Date

Speaking of an address on preparedness recently made by Maj.-Gen. Johnson Hagood, a news item says: "Indications that the United States and other Caucasian nations are turning their eyes to the yellow millions in the East and making plans for their national defense against slow but sure rise of the Eastern powers," were made in his address.

Here, it seems, is the case of one good turn deserving another. The white nations first turned their eyes on the yellow millions of these sleeping yellow peoples; now the latter, having awakened, are turning a yellow eye on the yellow millions of the whites. The bees are preparing to take back the yellow sweet that was once theirs and which they, in turn, had taken from others. And so on the vicious circle. The operating table is being prepared, it seems, for a surgical operation, vaster than that of 1914. China, once a pacifist nation, and with a population greater than that of all Europe, is getting in fighting trim by having a Civil War, that was started by the Europeans. Civil Wars usually strengthen nations by forcing them to develop their intellectual and other resources. There for instances, are the cases of both England and the United States. With an awakened militaristic China, who will say that another march of Attila and his Huns, is improbable. Well, indeed, may the Frankensteins take fright.

* * *

The Hole in Brittania's Purse

Macaulay foresaw a New Zelander sitting on Westminister Bridge and sketching the ruins of Westminister Abbey, or something similar, even as Englishmen today sketch the ruins of Egypt, Rome, Greece.

Were the great historian alive today he would feel surer of his prediction, for nations, like individuals, are powerful in proportion to their bank balances. The man, whose expenditures exceed his income, is headed for bankruptcy.

Britain's trade balance has been steadily falling off since the war, a fact that the coal strike has aggravated. According to a dispatch to the *New York Times*, British imports in the last year rose two per cent. while exports fell over twenty per cent. The adverse balance of trade for the ten months ending October, 1926, was nearly 330,000,000 pounds sterling, nearly three times that of the loss for the same period ending October, 1925. A staggering figure!

Coal imports for October were tenfold over the preceding year being nearly eight million pounds sterling, while exports were less than three thousand pounds sterling.

Civilization marches on coal and any hindrance to its getting means a corresponding hindrance in production, and inability to compete with other traders.

READERS ATTENTION:

In the December issue of THE MESSENGER we carried on page 378, an extract from Mr. Rogers' monthly contribution. The larger portion of it consisted of a letter on Fraternal Organization and the death rate written to Mr. Rogers by Mr. W. A. Jordan, of the Southern Aid Society of Virginia, Inc., Richmond, Va. Mr. Jordan did not wish any publicity given his letter and we regret that it was inadvertently carried. The concluding paragraph of the extract was an opinion of Mr. Rogers on the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and not a part of Mr. Jordan's letter.

THE MESSENGER is glad to carry this explanation.—EDITOR.

THE BROTHERHOOD AND THE MEDIATION BOARD

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

On the 8th of December, The Brotherhood had its first preliminary hearing with the Mediation Board. Mr. Edwin P. Morrow, one of its members, had been ordered to conduct the hearing. It has not ended. It goes on. The law reads: "In meditation proceedings one or more of its members may be designated by the Board of Mediation to represent it. Each member of the Board of Mediation shall have the power to administer oaths and affirmations."

This marks another mile-post in the development and march of the Brotherhood. It will be remembered that many "doubting Thomases" shook their heads and lamented that we would never get this far. Hard-boiled cynics growled: "You were foolish to begin a losing fight." Our enemies longed for the day when they could point an accusing finger at us and chuckle, "We told you so." The mighty Pullman Company smiled when the Brotherhood began and stamped the whole undertaking as a huge joke. No doubt, Pullman officials observed that Negroes haven't the guts to carry through a movement so big and momentous as this, anyway. Of course, the public wondered just what would come of it all. Would the men stick, pay dues and fight it through? Would they stand up under fire, sacrifice and suffer as Jews, Italians, Irish and Anglo-Saxons have done? Can they be depended upon in a crisis? These questions have naturally been upon the lips of friend and foe.

To the eternal credit of the Brotherhood men, these questions are being affirmatively answered. For over fourteen months the "marching men" of the Brotherhood have steadily headed toward victory. They have not faltered, they have not equivocated, they have not compromised, or retreated a single step, and their thrilling and determined tread has been heard. Far and near comes the insistent query as to the meaning of these marching black men. Whither are they trending? What are their mission and cause? Are they a menace or a promise? How long will they march? are questions that simply indicate how deeply Brotherhood men have stirred the nation.

Undaunted by the notorious Filipino scare, unruffled by unjust Pullman reprisals, unterrified by the sycophant yelping of treacherous race leaders, undismayed by a corrupt and apostate section of the Negro press or of boot-licking porter-instructors or welfare workers, these black Brotherhood marching men, with grim set faces and clinched fists, have ceaselessly cried, "Forward! March On!" And strangely, despite the victimization of some of the strong Brotherhood men by some petty black and white Pullman officials, new recruits steadily join the ranks, bravely singing the songs of freedom. Nothing like unto it has ever been seen before, especially among people of African descent. Negroes, least of all people, are not expected to revolt against opposition. However bitter their lot, according to tradition and custom running back through history over a thousand years, Negroes, meekly and patiently, are supposed to bite their tongue and swallow it. Protest? aye, no! The lot of slaves, serfs and servants is not to ask the reason why, theirs is but to do and die! Have not black men been auctioned for profit over some ten hundred years? Why then should they violate every vital version of reason on race and defy the canons of economic tyranny by organizing for self-protection?

Thus by all the gods of sanity and sense Brotherhood men are a crucial challenge to the Nordic creed of the white race's superiority. For only white men are supposed to organize for power, for justice and freedom. Only white men are supposed to face a long, hard struggle, to invite an exacting test, to encounter bitter opposition with unflinching courage, with a dogged stamina to work on and not grow weary, to fight on and not lose the faith. The curse of Canaan proved fiction here. Brotherhood men are giving the lie to the poisonous prophecy of Negrophobists. With a marvelous moral mettle they are standing as firm as the rock of Gibraltar, unafraid, firm in the conviction and belief of the righteousness of their cause.

Everywhere their leadership, local and national, is meeting with unsurpassed and whole-hearted cooperation from the citizenry and porters alike. Only rarely does a Judas inflated with a false conceit and overweening ambition, raise his head above the waters only to be cut down by the Brotherhood's sabres of truth and reason. No opposition, however formidable, has stood or will stand the piercing shafts of the Brotherhood's message. Resistlessly onward the Brotherhood marches. The Mediation Board is not its end. It is merely a means to an end. The end is economic and social justice.

The Brotherhood realizes too well that the Mediation Board nor any other government agency can win its fight for it. That, it alone can do. Laws can only set up a condition of fairness under which a fight may be waged but they don't wage the fight themselves. Nothing will nor ought to take the places of self-struggle, self-effort, self-discipline, self-control, self-organization. The Mediation Board is a government instrument which may be utilized only by self-organized employees in order to get fair wages and working conditions from the carriers. It is useless to unorganized workers or to those that are disorganized under the employee representation plans, the company unions. And the success with which the Mediation Board may be employed by the employees depends directly upon the power of their organization and the power of their organization rests upon the per cent of the employees of the industries that are organized. Fifty per cent are stronger than twenty-five per cent and ninety or a hundred per cent are stronger than seventy-five per cent.

Be it known to every porter and maid that the Pullman Company respects nothing but power, and power can only come through organization. Even the great power of public opinion can only be aroused and mobilized through organization. The railroad companies and the Pullman Company have been able to achieve their power only through organization, which they have been building for the last half century.

Thus, real, red-blooded Brotherhood men must gird their loins for a hard, long struggle. The Pullman Company will not readily and cheerfully give up its Employee Representation Plan, though dying, if, indeed, it is not already dead.

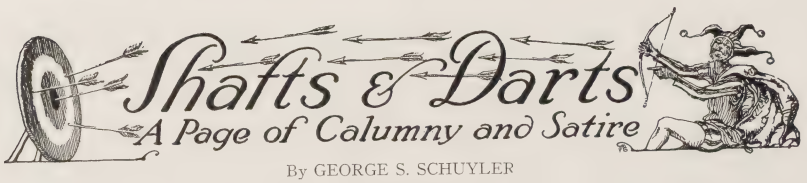
The last desperate stand of the Company now is to whitewash its company union for the benefit of the Mediation Board and the public. It will tell the Board and the public that eighty-five per cent of the men voted for the Plan. It could just as easily and truthfully put the per cent at 101 or more. It was the Pullman Company's election. It ran the whole show, marked and counted the ballots through its agents. In fact, it is definite violation of a federal law for which it, though shrewd and powerful, will be held strictly accountable. The Brotherhood is not asleep at the switch. Nor is it afraid to join issue even with the Pullman Company with its hundreds of millions.

Hence the Brotherhood calls upon every man to do his duty. We cannot stand still and we will not retreat. Our watchword is Forward! Service, not Servitude! We have set our hands to the wheel of struggle and action and we must not wince or cry aloud. Though we fall into the fell clutch of adverse circumstance and our heads become bloody, may they forever remain unbowed!

The Brotherhood will prove to the Pullman Company that though but a year or more old, it is worthy of its steel. It will not permit itself to be swept off its feet or stampeded by Pullman propoganda that the Company will never recognize the union. That has been the hymn of the employers since the first union was born. Every railroad company said that of all of the standard railroad unions, but they recognized the unions just the same. Why? Because power compels recognition. The Pullman Company has no choice when it faces power but to recognize it. Of course, it will seek to fool the porters and maids as long as it can by arrogantly telling them what it will or will not do, until they are organized, and then the Pullman Company, just as all of the railroad companies, will sing an entirely different song and like it, too.

It is now up to the porters and maids to do what every other group of railroad

(*Turn to page* 19)



By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

This month the beautiful cutglass thunder-mug is presented to the editor of that estimable journal "The Negro World."

G. S. SCHUYLER

Glancing through the editorial section we saw the following notice:

The Negro World does not knowingly accept questionable or fraudulent advertising. Readers of The Negro World are earnestly requested to invite our attention to any failure on the part of an advertiser to adhere to any representation contained in a Negro World advertisement.

And then, with a loud whoop of joy, we ran across the following advertisement on another page:

LIVE LODESTONES

from the Rising Sun; Lucky Rings, Wishing Rings, Mysterious Perfumes; Chinese Rings and wonders, sure luck in love and money. You'll be dumb with surprise.

Information free.

Is there any question as to the justice of the award?

Freedom of the Press

I always indulge in a smile when some one spouts off about the freedom of the press, for like most of the things people believe—it is non-existent. Anybody laboring under the impression that one can print all one really thinks about, is deserving of sympathy. Only one person in a thousand welcomes candid assertion, either about themselves or those with whom they are associated, particularly if the assertion is an obvious fact. The journalist must avoid saying certain things, no matter how true or how necessary to be said, in order to retain friendships and maintain his living standard. They make up for it by exposing or attacking those things that are safe to assail. Often they merely flatter the people by telling them what they know the people want to hear.

Thus I am convulsed when I read where some one has said that "the freedom of the press must not be abridged."

Back to Illiteracy

In the midst of all the clamor for more schools and more education, it is time to sound a note of dissent. This is an age of scientific method and thought, and public education, like everything else, must be judged by its results and not by its claims.

The system has been in operation nearly a hundred years in this country, and yet what are the results? Frist, the politicians are able to get more votes with cheaper slogans than ever before. Secondly, morals are certainly no better than they were a century ago. Thirdly, there is no better quality of thinking than in days of yore. Converse with the average college graduate and what you get is a job lot of illy-digested book-learning most of which is exploded error.

Talk to the average "educated" man or woman and you will find that he (or she) believes that the person with a prominent chin is more courageous than a person with a receding one; that there is a personal God; that there is such a thing as social progress; that the fellow with a bulging brow is more intelligent than the bird with a head resembling a dill pickle; that slavery has been abolished; that the Constitution is sacred—but why go on? You *know* what the average person who has been exposed to ten or fifteen years schooling believes. You are aware also that the Klan flourishes in such highly "educated" sections as New York, New England, Indiana, Illinois, and New Jersey, while Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, Knights of Pythians and Christian Scientists flourish everywhere.

This being the result of a century of popular education, of what value has it been? Why spend billions every year just to help out contractors, book publishers and school teachers?

Better to go back to illiteracy, in which sad state one's opinions are at least one's own rather than those of libidinous clergymen, neurotic philosophers and reptile editors. In short, it is insisted that popular education is a waste of time and money and helps no one but the yokel fleecers. Your illiterate is unable to read or write consequently he is immune to the bilge of all yokel yankers except those with whom he comes into immediate contact. Hence, a large army of moron hypnotizers who now loll around in ease would have to grab a pick and shovel in order to fight off the wolf. As before the days of popular education, reading and writing would again be the concern of the infinitesimal minority of intelligent people.

The Klan Versus the Negro

One of the amusing spectacles in this country is the opposition of the so-called Negroes to the Ku Klux Klan, for the philosophies of both are identical and their opinions are the same. The K.K.K. philosophy is that this is a white man's country; that there must be no Catholic dominance; that the Nordic is superior to all others in the human family; and that the native is superior to the alien. Does the majority of Aframericans think differently? Not at all. With the exception of a handful of militants, the Negroes accept segregation and even defend it on the ground that it builds up race consciousness, gives teachers jobs and holds the group together in ghettoes where—by virtue of congestion and high death rate—the Negro bourgeoisie of real estate sharks, abortionist physicians, undertakers, "rooming house" proprietors, bootleggers, and gamblers can wax sleek and fat. The acceptance of segregation without audible protest is the acceptance of the idea that this is a white man's country.

On Catholicism, the average Negro being a raging Protestant, is in agreement with the Klansman. Few are in the Catholic church and most of them interviewed express fear of Papal domination. They insist on being booted by their own native Protestant white folks. There is so much evidence that the Negro believes the Nordic type superior to all others that it seems absurd to mention it. Yet, it may be valuable to review the facts. The Negroes almost unanimously call Nordic hair, color and features "good." If, however, the hair, color and features be Negroid, then they are "bad." A Negro bastard of prominent white man will boast of his *father* but not of his mother, and a Negro who is illegal descendant of an old Southern aristocrat will gloat over the possession of such an ancestor but has no good word to say for the black ancestors who supported the aristocrat. Let a Negro become famous, financially successful, and he will marry a woman as near the Nordic ideal as he can obtain. Listen to the average Aframerican's conversation and you will find him speaking of "dark" records, "black" despair, so and so being "white" in soul, etc., ad nauseum. In short, listen to the average Negro with your eyes closed and you'll imagine you are talking to a Klansman.

Nor is there any exception in respect to the hatred of aliens. When immigration restriction was announced, the Negroes whooped louder than the whites and fell on their knees in prayers of thanks. If given the opportunity, nine-tenths of the Negroes would vote against this country lifting the ban on aliens.

On only one point do we find the Klan and the Negro differing: On the Jew. The Klan objects to the Jew because of the latter's economic opposition, but the Aframerican accepts the Hebrew because of his economic exploitation—and the Aframerican so dearly loves those who exploit and degrade him.

(*Continued on next page*)

Nursery Rhymes: 1927 Edition

Sing a song of Volstead,
A closet full of rye;
Four and twenty cases
On which to feast the eye.
When a case is opened,
Up goes a wail forlorn;
For then you learn the bitter truth:
'Tis most atrocious "corn."

Now old Jack Spratt was never fat;
His wife was always lean.
They bought four quarts of gin a day,
Which kept their pantry clean.

Jack and Jill went on the hill
To get some bootleg wine.
They drank a gallon of the stuff,
And now they both are blind.

Mother, may I have a shot of gin?
Why yes, my darling daughter.
Just drink it down without a frown
But don't dare ask for water.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner—
His eyes were all a-blear;
Beside him lay an empty jug
Once filled with needled beer.

Little Miss Muffet was given a buffet
One night in a cabaret;
She was switching a drink
On an upstate gink,
When he saw her and hauled away.

Humpty Dumpty inside the wall,
Was woefully pondering over his fall;
Though formerly king of the bootlegging men,
He is now doing time in the Federal Pen.

Up the airy mountain; down the rushing glen,
We go a-hunting liquor; our weekly pay to spend.
Gay lads, brave lads, we gulp it down together.
You ask us how we swallow it?
Our throats are made of leather.

Mediation Board

(*Continued from page* 17)

workers has done, namely, to stick, fight and to give their dollars for the fight until they win, which is inevitable.

The Mediation Board is not the end of our fight, it is just the beginning. We will not only have to fight hard and long and doggedly for liberty and justice, we will have to pay for it. Under the New Railroad Labor Act, the Brotherhood, like the other railroad unions, will be required to contribute one-half the expense for the maintenance of the Adjustment Board. Should its case go to arbitration, we must pay the salaries of the arbitrators we select. The Brotherhood must also pay for all subpoenas sent out for witnesses in its behalf. This will constitute a heavy expense. In addition to that we will have a big counsel fee. But, this is as it should be. No people are entitled to freedom who are not willing to pay for it. White workers pay for theirs. Why shouldn't we pay for ours? We should, must and will, since we realize that a *winner* never *quits* and a *quitter* never *wins*.

Harmon Awards

(*Continued from page* 14)

went to South Africa as a Y.M.C.A. Secretary and engaged there in religious and social work among the native students and teachers. Mr. Yergan is thirty-four years of age. The second award went to John Hurst of Baltimore, Md., a bishop of the African, M. E. Church, for his promotion of educational and religious organization work among the Negroes in Florida.

Judges: Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Canon, National Cathedral, Washington, D. C.; Professor Luther A. Weigle, Yale School of Religion; The Rev. Peter Ainslie, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Edith M. Burdick, Harmon Foundation; Rev. William Lloyd Imes, Pastor, St. James' Presbyterian Church, New York.

While twenty-eight entries were presented to the judges in music, it was their opinion that in view of the progress already made in this field "no original creative work was submitted of such outstanding importance as to merit the William E. Harmon Award." There was presented instrumental, vocal and orchestral score as well as evidence of vocal and instrumental performance. The fund in this field will be held in trust to be distributed in the future when productions worthy of the awards are submitted.

Judges: Clarence Dickinson, Professor, Union Theological Seminary, Organist, Brick Presbyterian Church, New York; Harry T. Burleigh, Soloist, St. George's Episcopal Church and musical composer; Dr. Preston Ware Orem, composer and musical editor, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. Augustus Lawson, pianist, Hartford, Conn., and Miss Edith Fremdling, Harmon Foundation.

A formal presentation of the awards will take place in the home cities of the successful candidates on January 1, when appropriate ceremonies will be arranged.

A Friend Indeed

In the crucial days when the Brotherhood was in its infancy and its life was hanging in the balance; in the days before we had silenced our enemies in and out of the race, there were many friends, not Pullman porters, who valiantly, persistently and continually fought on our side.

One of the most steadfast of our many friends in Chicago is G. W. Price, an associate member of our Brotherhood, who conducts, with his wife, an up-to-date rooming house at 3336 S. Wabash Avenue. Brother Price accommodates a large number of Pullman porters and has lost no opportunity to carry our message to them. So insistent has he been that porters join the movement to emancipate themselves from the chains of the Pullman Company, that many of the old Uncle Tom porters who stayed at his house have moved away.

Mr. Price has keenly felt this opposition in a financial way but he has in no way been deterred by it. He continues to carry our message of unionism to the porters at his house with all his old-time enthusiasm and vigor. Mr. Price has supported us, now we should support him.

When you are in Chicago, stop at his place, 3336 S. Wabash Avenue. Brother Price is entitled to your patronage and support.

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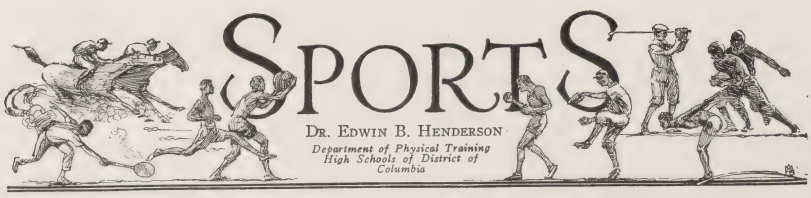

DR. HENDERSON

Another football year has rolled away. The game was bigger and better. Instead of one big game Thanksgiving Day there were big games all round the "segregation" area of the United States. Howard University and Lincoln University battled at Washington before people estimated as 20,000. Wilberforce and Institute in Columbus, Ohio, are reporting spectators to the number of 15,000. Atlanta and Morris Brown in Atlanta, Wiley winning from Bishop College in Marshall, Texas; Union losing to Hampton at Hampton; Virginia Normal winning from St. Paul; Smith scoring over Livingstone in Salisbury; Arkansas Baptist winning from Philander Smith College in Little Rock; Tuskegee ahead of Southern University at Tuskegee; A. and T. of Greensboro in a winning duel from Shaw, and Fisk bowing to Morehouse played before huge crowds. Figures indicate that 100,000 witnessed the play Thanksgiving Day.

* * *

The much heralded Howard and Lincoln game was easily the prize event of the season. Howard won 32 to 0. Howard's team was one of the best teams of colored players that has been seen for a long time. It is seldom a team has so good a line and four backfield men the equal of "Tick" Smith, Coles, Dan Brown and Ross. All could carry the ball and were hard to tackle. All were good defensive players. The writer has seen many stellar teams play with one or two backs starring, but seldom does a team have four men all good and hard to pick between. Hibbler and Martin of Lincoln were unable to get away from the slashing charge of Howard's forwards.

* * *

The Chicago Defender seeks hard to make the Wilberforce vs. Institute game rival the Eastern classic. A few years more will find the Western conference games a close second to the game of the East. Both teams were beaten by Howard's eleven but the West Virginia game was the hardest one played on Howard's campus this year.

* * *

The usual C.I.A.A. feature event, the game between Hampton and Union of Richmond, was one of the hardest fought and cleanest games played this season. Coach Hucles, back on his old camping grounds, sought to stem Hampton's victorious sweep but found his charges short of ability to do so.

* * *

At Howard University the most complete stadium yet constructed in race schools was dedicated prior to the big game. Representative Martin Madden, who controls the purse strings in Congress, fittingly spoke before a battery of amplifiers from the center of the field to the huge crowd. There is yet some work to be done to make the field what it should be before football problems are completely solved. The bowl at Tuskegee, Armstrong field at Hampton, and now the completed field at Howard, mark much progress since the war.

The Span of Life

In the morning of life
We till our soil.
We plough and harrow too;
There is precious little
Time to waste,
For at noon-time we are through.

In the afternoon
We plant our seed
For the crop we hope to grow.
And the product of
The after-years,
Is the crop that now we sow.

At even-tide
We gather in
The crop that we have grown.
Be it good or evil;
Wheat or tare,
We reap what we have sown.

Then—till and harrow
Well your soil.
And plant your seed with care;
For you reap what you sow
In a span of life
Sometime, somehow, somewhere.

ANN LAWRENCE.

The C.I.A.A. conference games and management is to be commended and copied by groups of sectional teams desiring to develop football to a level beneficial as a sport and not detrimental to other serious purposes of educational plants. Schedule making, methods of handling the business of the conference and other problems that arise should commend the conference manner of controlling and developing football. President Puryear and Secretary Charles Williams deserve praise for their work.

* * *

The season has been replete with incidents that have marred the game of football. In white United States officials have been panned severely. Several of the most important games of the year have gone over directly as a result of the "bones" pulled by the officials. Officials of the highest repute in the Navy-Army game at Chicago, and in the Harvard-Yale games made decisions that virtually gave Yale the game and prevented the Navy from victory over the Army. The writer saw in the Marine vs. 3rd Army Corps game some of the crudest work ever seen by white officials in a big game. How it happens that our pigmy-minded victory-at-any-cost-blinded race people imagine the work of white officials superior to that done by Savoy, Gibson, Westmoreland, Washington, Abbott, Robinson, Pinderhughes, Wright, Morrison, Trigg, Coppage and Douglass and many others is a puzzle to me. The only advantage arriving from the use of white officials is from the fact of the peculiar psychology that presents itself when white officials work which causes the poor driven cattle to become blinded to the same errors of commission and omission that would not have escaped had the officials been of the colored race.

Victory and "corn" frenzied mobs tore up the concrete set goal posts after several victories this year. Most of the scenes were staged in the cooling atmosphere of staid New England fields. Several football referees connected up with fists of penalized players. Our own Gibson was found under a mobbing football crowd and injured in North Carolina. It is commendable to note, however, that the games in the South with but few exceptions are easy to handle. One noted football critic who has surveyed the field in the South commented thus: "All you have to do down here is to give these fellows a ball, call the downs, and go home." This was in white America. Our boys around Georgia, Texas, Alabama, and other states thereabouts are seemingly over with the undue razzing of officials caused often by the desire of coaches to cover up their own bad judgment or players to alibi for failures on their part.

See Page 2, and then get busy with pen and paper. You may win $10.

EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION PLAN MINUTES OF LAST CONFERENCE

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

THE CONFERENCE was called to negotiate a revision of the existing agreement on rules governing working condition, so states the minutes. It was also called to head off the rising tide of organization among the porters and maids.

On January 27th, eighteen porter-delegates assembled in Chicago, presumably elected by the porters throughout the country, to secure higher wages, although the minutes expressly say that the Conference was to revise rules of governing working conditions. Thus the porters were deceived in the calling of the Conference.

It is interesting to note in this connection that 10,000 or more porters and maids were expected to vote for each one of the 18 delegates to represent them although all of the porters did not know either one of them. The men had no idea of what these delegates would demand. Obviously, they did not vote because they wanted to vote but because they felt they had to vote, fearing victimization by the Company.

In justice to the delegates, it must be said that they probably did the best they could under the circumstances, which was, of course, not anything. It must be remembered, however, that it is doubtful if any other group of men, under similar conditions, could have done any more. Just as you cannot make a sewing machine grind corn, so you cannot expect or make the Employee Representation Plan, a Company proposition, get results that benefit the porters and maids.

On the management's side were Messrs. O. P. Powell, assistant general manager; F. L. Simmons, Supervisor of Industrial Relations, and P. T. Ryan. Against them you have eighteen porters, untrained in the negotiation of trade agreements and who are also conscious of the fact that their keys may be demanded if they offend the members of the management. On the management's side, you have three trained men in the negotiating of trade agreements. It is clear that the porters are at a serious disadvantage. Moreover, the three representatives of the management can more easily maintain a united front than can 18 porters, most of whom never saw or heard of each other. How could they function efficiently against the artful strategy of the management? Even if a miracle should happen by all of the porter-delegates but one standing against the management for the 240-hour-month, the porters would lose. In order for the porters to have even the appearance of victory, all of the 18 must vote as a unit for a given measure, and, of course, even then they wouldn't get it if the management opposed because the management could claim that in the nature of things and the Plan, The Management can't vote against itself. Since the conference was called by the Company as a part of its Plan, its acts may be accepted or rejected by the management on the grounds that they were ill-advised and should be reconsidered. Thus the porters, under the Plan, lose if they win.

While the Management can always scare practically all of the weak-kneed porter-delegates into deserting a reasonable program, the porters can never get one member of the Management to break ranks. In fact, under the Employee Representation Plan, the porter-delegates at the farcical wage conferences are like the lion and the lamb, they never lie down in harmony and peace unless the lamb is in the lion's belly.

Ode to the Brotherhood

We stand for truth and right
We're in to win the fight;
God is our King.
He loves humanity
And wills us liberty.
He guides us on our way
Both night and day.

We are an army strong;
We fight for right, not wrong.
God lead us on.
We'll march to victory;
Truth is our sword and shield.
Let come what will or may,
We're not dismayed.

Truth, right and love will stand
The test in any land;
God rules on high.
So valiant soldiers brave,
Triumphant, pave the way.
To arms, the sword unsheathe
For liberty.

MATTIE MAE STAFFORD.

According to the minutes, immediately after the roll call, a motion was made as follows: "To prevent the possibility of erroneous misleading or incomplete reports going out from this conference, I move that all persons be excluded from this conference except the duly elected representatives of the porters and maids, the representatives of the Management and the members of Mr. Simmons' office staff, who are assisting *us*." This motion was made by porter E. Anderson and seconded by W. A. Allen. This is just what the Management wanted in order to keep out the influence of public opinion. It is quite probable that this motion was framed by the Management. Note that it was set aside in the interest of Mr. Perry Parker who addressed the Conference.

The reference, in the motion to Mr. Simmons' office staff assisting *us* would be amusing were it not so tragical. Think of 18 porter-delegates relying upon the office staff of the Management from whom they are expecting to win demands, for technical assistance. If the porters' case was to be properly handled, organized and presented, they should have had their own clerical and statistical staff. Common sense ought to tell even a porter-instructor that the office staff of the Company is going to take orders from the Company if only because they are paid by the Company. But, of course, the porter-delegates didn't need any statistical staff because they had no program and they didn't know what it was all about.

At the beginning of the first session, Delegate Cal M. Murdock, of Los Angeles, requested that each representative be furnished a full copy of the minutes of each meeting. This was a good request but it was not carried. It was agreed that only three full copies would be made, one for the secretary and chairman, respectively, and one for the Management, which means that the rank and file of porters will never get the full proceedings of the conference. It is clear that the condensed report of the minutes were only given the delegates because of the criticism by the Brotherhood that the porter-delegates were denied copies of the minutes in previous conferences.

Considerable time was spent on changing the Time Sheet. This is a direct result of the Brotherhood's criticism of the complicated character of the Time Sheet. Suggestions of changes were made by J. D. Bannister, W. H. Boggs, J. W. Underwood and Cal W. Murdock. While a change in the Time Sheet has been made, it still is not sufficiently simplified. Porters are losing thousands of dollars because of their inability to make out their time properly.

In the second meeting of the Conference, Mr. Anderson, floor leader, made a speech. Some years hence, it may be referred to as a curio. Says he, "We hope to place before the Management in an intelligent and convincing way in the association of ideas as well as the association of facts the needs of 12,000 men and women who constitute the car service employees of the Pullman Company." Whatever that means. He continues, "We are not here to demand . . . . ." Of course not. It's no use. A Company Union has nothing to demand with. "We are cognizant," says he, "of the fact that The Pullman Company has done and is doing more for the Negro race than any corporation in the world." And that isn't saying anything. He adds, doubtless ashamed of such childish nonsense, "But without the porters, all Pullman cars may well be dismantled." Quite true. But saying that is not enough.

'SILENCED'
LOOK OUT — FOR GOD'S SAKE DONT SCARE US — OR THEM BROTHERHOOD HOUNDS WILL GET ON OUR TRAIL AGAIN.'
UNCLE TOM NEGRO EDITORS AND LEADERS
'A NEW DAY FOR THE NEGRO RACE — WRITING THEIR OWN ECONOMIC CONTRACT.'
RICHBERG
RANDOLPH
MEDIATION BOARD
PULLMAN'S OFFICIALS
'THE EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION PLAN IS DEAD — NEVER TO RISE AGAIN'
'WELL — THERE'S NO MORE EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION PLAN SO WE'D BETTER JOIN THIS UNION TOO HS NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN'
HEADQUARTERS BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS
EX — UNCLE TOM PORTERS
'AT LAST THEY HAVE SEEN THE LIGHT'

Words without deeds are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Porters may be ever so useful to the Company but unless they have organization, they will only be useful to the Company but useless to themselves.

"We appreciate the courtesy extended to porters and maids by the Company in giving to their beneficiaries one year's salary," observes Mr. Anderson. Is it possible that in 1926, there is one grown-up human being who thinks that the Pullman Company would give the wife of a dead porter the equivalent of a year's salary of her husband for nothing? It is, indeed, pathetic that such men are imposed on the rank and file by the Company. But, of course, it would not select any other type. The Company only gives the beneficiary of a deceased porter a year's salary of the porter *because it did not pay* the porter a living wage while he was living and working for it.

Mr. Anderson goes on. "We wish to state again that we are not ungrateful . . . ." Well, if porters were ungrateful nobody could blame them, for they of all railroad workers, have been handed a shamelessly rotten deal in wages and working conditions. And in trying desperately to take the curse off his Uncle Tom tactics, he adds, "But you realize that the high cost of living throughout the entire country has placed a burden upon the porter that is oppression." Undoubtedly he was shivering in his boots when this last sop to the boys back home escaped him. Evidently, he has one eye on the porters and one eye on the Management. If he kowtows too much to the Management, the porters will condemn and hate him, and if he winks at the porters too often, the Management will give him the *air*, so the poor devil is between the devil and the deep, blue sea. Let us be charitable. Perhaps, his heart is right but his head is wrong.

But even Delegate Anderson realizes that the Management needs to be given some straight talk, and he proceeds to playing see-saw with a wishbone and a backbone attitude. He remarks: "More wages and better working conditions will bring the Company better results . . . . The laborer is worthy of his hire . . . . There is nothing better than a satisfied employee. What would we term a living wage? A wage whereby he will be able to take care of himself and family comfortably, educate his children and place something aside for a rainy day. We wish to refute the statement that is currently reported, that if a porter is paid a larger salary he would not give the proper attention and courtesy to the traveling public." All of this is pretty good for Delegate Anderson. But it amounts to nothing since he doesn't adopt the proper method to secure a living wage.

Delegate Anderson is like the slave who called his master a liar when his back was turned, and when his master caught the sound of the slave's remarks and violently turned on him in indignation and shouted: "What d'you say?" Whereupon the slave quietly replied: "*You I am* a liar." Thus in order to condemn his master he condemns himself. The low wage of the porter even forces a company union man to say: "The late war created a lot of new passengers for the Pullman Company who are not fully acquainted with the tip. The surcharge in a number of states has also decreased the revenue of the porter." However, Delegate Anderson accepted the pitiful increase of 8 per cent and glorified the Company for it. He makes his supreme bid for the favor of the Company when he exclaimed: "We care nothing for *outside interference* for we have men and women in our ranks who are capable of managing their own affairs." Evidently the Management smiled benignantly upon the delegation, noting the palaver of so safe a servant.

Following his address the Management representatives complimented him and his fellow representatives on the loyalty, friendly attitude, and cooperative spirit evidenced by the address, according to the minutes. Why not? He said what the Company wanted him to say, throwing just enough sop to the porters to make them think that he is a regular honest-to-goodness delegate. That's a familiar brand of company tactics. As the Floor Leader, Delegate Anderson's business is that of a goat who continues to lead the sheep around in a circle where there is nothing to feed on in order to keep them from leaping the fence and getting into the pasture where there is *good grazing*.

After his address he presented the following contentions:

1. That the rate of wage for porters and maids be as follows:

Porters	Minimum	2 to 5 yrs.	5 to 15 yrs.	Over 15 yrs.
Standard Car . .	$100.00	$105.00	$110.00	$115.00
Tourist Car . .	105.00	110.00	115.00	120.00

In charge rate $25 additional per month to above named rates.

Composite Car in Charge:	$111.50	$117.50	$121.50	$125.50
Private Car:	$117.00	$121.00	$125.50	$129.50
Maids: .	98.00	101.00	104.00	107.50

This contention, though far too low to be presented, was rejected by the Management.

Contention No. 2. Nine thousand miles per month shall constitute a basic month's service; where a regular assignment is less than nine thousand miles per month, deduction will not be made from the respective monthly wage in consequence thereof.

While this offer was about two thousand miles too many, it was rejected by the Management. Conductors only make 7,200 miles as a service month for a minimum wage of $150.00.

Contention No. 3. Where porters are required to operate on two cars in line service, they shall be paid the minimum rate of a conductor. Of course, where there are two cars there is always a conductor. No doubt the conductor's union requires it, which is as it should be.

Although these delegates didn't ask for anything of consequence, they didn't get what they asked for. Still all but two of these delegates bowed and scraped before the management for being thrown the crumbs of the loaf of bread they made with their own labor. They remind me of the old hat-in-hand Negro politician who was boasting about a great victory he won for the race at a National Republican Convention, who, when asked what was the victory, said, "Through awfully hard work he was finally successful in getting the convention to adopt a resolution saying: 'A man's a man!'" whatever that is. It simply shows that even when the old Uncle Tom Negro gets what he asks for, he hasn't got anything, because he hasn't asked for anything.

In the third meeting, according to the minutes, it was stated in regard to Rule 2, paragraph (a) that the porters' and maids' representatives felt that the mileage limit after which overtime would be paid should be reduced from eleven to nine thousand miles.

In reply to this, Mr. Simmons stated that he thought they were asking for too drastic a cut in the mileage item and requested that they reconsider their petition on this point, and that after reconsideration the matter would be again taken up for discussion . . . .

Why should a reduction of the mileage from 11,000 to 9,000 be too drastic a cut for the porters when the conductors and all other railroad employees only make 7,200 miles a month? And, of course, the Management rejected the request. How on earth a porter can be made to believe that it is more to his interest to make 11,000 miles than 9,000 or 7,200, I can't see. But the adroit Mr. Simmons did the deed. Obviously the delegates wanted a shorter mileage but they were afraid to fight for it. It was a case of the delegates, under the Plan, having their hands in the lion's jaw.

Mr. Hill, of Cincinnati, raised the question as to whether there had not been a violation of seniority rights in placing Filipinos on Club cars. Mr. Powell replied that "There had been much difficulty in getting porters to operate on Club car runs, and when Club car runs were bulletined for bids most of the porters declined to bid on same and especially that class of porters who would have been the most active and efficient Club car porters. They did not want the Club car runs and claimed they could not make satisfactory earnings on such runs."

I am sure Mr. Powell must realize that if the Company paid the men a living wage, they would not decline Club car runs because of inability to make sufficient earnings on same. Continues Mr. Powell, "Porters assigned to Club car runs always expressed a preference for sleeping or parlor car runs and consequently showed a decided apparent lack of interest in Club car service on their part, resulting in a deterioration in Club car service."

Mr. Powell is condemning the low wage scale of Pullman porters by admitting that men refuse Club car runs because of the low earnings on them. Were they receiving a living wage they would not and could not refuse a Club car run. Mr. Powell admits too that their refusal to accept the Club car runs impairs the service which is another way of saying that the low wages paid the porters impairs the service. The conclusion is then according to Mr. Powell's own statement, that it is possible to raise the service by raising the porters' and maids' wages. The income from no run should be so low as not to afford a living wage. According to information received from re-

liable sources, the Company is paying Filipinos a higher wage for Club car work than it paid the porters; and the Filipinos' working conditions are decidedly better.

Mr. Powell goes on, "In order to overcome this unsatisfactory condition and raise the Club car service to the high standard maintained in other Pullman service, it was decided to try the experiment of placing Filipino boys on some of these cars as Club car attendants, and operating this more like a club feature, the same as the Filipinos are now used in many men's clubs, including athletic clubs, golf clubs, etc."

I think it is pertinent to ask Mr. Powell here, why did the Pullman Company only reach this conclusion about trying Filipinos on the Club cars after the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters was formed? I also understand that several superintendents have admitted that the service of the Filipinos is not more efficient or satisfactory than the Negroes. Nor do I say this in condemnation of the Filipinos. They have a right to work anywhere they can get a job. It is simply a question of fact that the Pullman Company will use Filipinos to discourage Pullman porters from organizing just as it will use Negroes to keep white employees from organizing. It is not that the Company loves the Filipinos more, but that it loves a *real* union *less*.

"The result obtained so far has been pleasantly surprising, as not only has the use of these Filipino boys as Club car attendants brought numerous letters complimenting the service, but also our buffet sales on these cars have increased by a large percentage, which automatically results in increasing the compensation of the employees. These Filipinos are giving excellent service and are satisfied with their work, which the porters did not want," observes Mr. Powell.

It is also true that Club cars were given Filipinos over the bidding of old porters which is certainly a violation of seniority rights if seniority rights in the Pullman service mean the same as they do in other railroad work. But the whole key to the Filipino situation is contained in the last sentence of Mr. Powell's statement, namely, "The Company always reserves the right to use any class or nationality of employees that may be necessary to bring our service up to a high standard of excellence and to prevent its deterioration into unsatisfactory conditions."

It will be remembered that at the beginning of the movement to organize the porters, Mr. Perry W. Howard, Special Assistant to the U. S. Attorney General and self-admitted agent of the Pullman Company, in a debate with the writer, as well as in newspaper dispatches, told the porters that if they organized the Company would put Filipinos on the cars. Shortly thereafter a few Filipinos were placed on the Club cars of the Pennsylvania. It is reasonable to assume that the Filipinos were employed with a view to throwing fear into the hearts of the porters and thereby break up the union. It might have been done to give some color of truth to Mr. Howard's prediction that the porters, frightened and alarmed, would say, "Perry Howard was right, we had better leave that union alone." Naturally some other reason would have to be formed for the Company's suddenly finding that the porters on some Club car runs were not giving as satisfactory service as the Filipinos might give. It is significant to note in this connection also that the Company never thought of employing any other nationality on the cars until porters began organizing a union of, by and for the porters.

(*To be continued in next issue.*)

E. J. Bradley

E. J. BRADLEY

E. J. Bradley, after twenty years of service with the Pullman Company, resigns to take charge of the affairs of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in the St. Louis territory. E. J. Bradley, when leaving the Pullman Co., left a record as follows: He never had a loss occur on his car while in service. Had never been written up by a passenger, a railway official, a railway employee, a Pullman official or a Pullman employee. He had never carried a passenger beyond, nor put them off short of their destination. A record worthy of the admiration of anyone. E. J. Bradley has always had his co-workers' interest at heart and has tried various methods secretly, to bring about better conditions among Pullman Porters.

When the present time book, now in use, was introduced by the company, he was given the position of instructor of it, and there had his first opportunity of proving his worth as an intelligent man.

The management called him in and advised, due to his ability, to take extra pains in instructing the lesser educated porters. This he had voluntarily done prior to the advice of the management. While in this work as time book instructor, he built up a gigantic, everlasting friendship among his co-workers, and when the plan of employees' representation was handed to the Porters by the management, after a conference of some of the oldest and best porters in the service, they decided that he would prove the best man in the St. Louis district to act as chairman of their grievance committee, in said plan.

When the delegation from the aforesaid conference met him, and broached the question to him, serving on local committee "C." He informed the delegation that the plan was not worth the paper it was written on, and after having built up a confidence in the majority of Porters of St. Louis, while instructor on the time book, he did not care to shatter that confidence by serving on a committee as chairman, on a plan that was a company's plan, that the delegation, he, nor the porters at large knew anything about.

However, after much persuasion on the part of friends who had seen twenty and thirty years (20 and 30) of service, he agreed to run on the ballot in the ensuing election for chairman of grievance committee "C." As committee "C" was to be represented by three (3) porters, E. J. Bradley recommended to the delegation what men he would prefer serving with on that committee. Men whom he knew to be staunch supporters for Pullman Porters' Justice, and the rights of men. He and the two (2) men that he selected were placed on the ballot in the primary election. All three (3) were elected with Bradley as Chairman by an overwhelming vote.

In the final election the three were elected by an overwhelming vote and immediately started on their duties of taking up grievances for porters. He can truthfully say that after serving for two (2) years as Chairman for local committee "C," he was never able to have a man restored to work that had been discharged or had been pulled off by the management, or accomplished anything that could be termed a victory for the committee, during its (2) two years in office.

The chairman was told on two (2) occasions by the management that this committee was not supposed to take up such grievances as he presented, and that if he did not "lay off" of such grievances as hereinafter mentioned he would be in bad himself as a result of his strenuous efforts to do something for men they had discharged or pulled off.

This is what they told him in plain English: "We will give you to understand that when we decide we do not want porters to work for us, your committee, or no one else, can do them any good." All of which bore out Bradley's statement to the delegation two years previously when they begged him to run for chairman of the committee. He has made several attempts at organization work among Pullman Porters, and has met with little or no success. But had never given up hope for justice, through organization, by Pullman Porters for their cause. Hence, when he read an article in THE MESSENGER Magazine in June, 1925, by A. Philip Randolph, on the importance of an organization of Pullman Porters, he began corresponding with Mr. Randolph concerning organization work, and has been very active in the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters from that time on, having become a member of that organization, November 4, 1925.

He began immediately organizing men in St. Louis and outlying districts, and knows the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is here to stay, as it is what he has advocated since 1916.

Mr. Bradley was fortunate in proving his ability as an organizer to the extent that Mr. Randolph has placed him as Organizer and Secretary-Treasurer for the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in the St. Louis territory. This trust placed in him by Mr. Randolph and his co-workers, he vows he will carry to his grave untainted and unmarred, in spite of all opposition. Mr. Bradley is located in a hard field and realizes that fact, but rather appreciates it due to the fact as he sees it, the harder the fight the sweeter the victory, and pledges his sincere word of honor to live for and die with the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

Advertise in THE MESSENGER

OUR LOCAL STRUGGLE TO ORGANIZE ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

By PAUL L. CALDWELL

(*Local Secretary-Treasurer, B. S. C. P.*)

ALTHOUGH there had been spasmodic attempts to organize the Pullman porters as well as other railroad employees as far back as 1909, and at one time around 1919, there seemed chances of success, it was not until about October, 1925, that there seemed a possibility of getting the men in a common frame of mind to act with sufficient enthusiasm and a singleness of purpose to make one feel that the time was ripe to act. This was in part due to the treatment of the men by the local officials, the utter collapse of hope of the "Representative Plan" to function in favor of the employees, and to the agitation of the Brotherhood leaders in the East. When rumors began to come in, through porters from eastern districts and our boys running to Chicago that the chances of success under the leadership of Mr. A. Philip Randolph were better than ever before, the porters in these two districts again lighted the fires of hope, and began to bestir themselves to get more information and to take stock on the previous causes of failure. Once this was done, it was only a matter of waiting for the message to be brought to them to give assurances that the men would "rally to the flag" in sufficient numbers to spread the propaganda of agitation and education into the ranks of the more timid and less informed men as to their condition of servitude.

P. L. CALDWELL

In the latter part of December, 1925, we were supplied with application blanks, receipt books and other paraphernalia, and at a meeting in the home of one of the porters, a local representative was elected and his name forwarded to headquarters by telegraph. As soon as bonds were arranged, this representative was designated local secretary-treasurer and opened his home as local headquarters, and began a rather spectacular fight for the completion of a local organization.

Before we began taking membership a large number of men from both St. Paul and Minneapolis on runs to Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha and other cities, which had been visited by the General Organizing staff, had taken membership in those districts and we were surprised at the first meeting we held in St. Paul to find such a large number who not only held cards, but expressed their willingness to carry the banner of light to those in darkness.

The first meeting was attended by a large number of men from both cities and among them some representatives of the Pullman Company in the persons of what we term "stool pigeons." At that time, we had not become familiar with the tactics of the Company, and therefore did not feel the need of separating the sheep from the goats. However, we learned quickly, for we soon found the heavy hand of Pullman penalization by finding the most active men at the meetings removed from their regular runs. Some were relieved completely and others put on the extra list. This opened our eyes to what we had believed to be impossible; the fact that one Negro, no matter how low, would stoop to inform upon another, to prevent him from lawfully combining to better his economical condition. That seemed impossible. While this gave us food for thought, and made us more cautious in our later meetings, it did not dampen our ardor, but made us more determined to succeed. It also made us suspicious of certain men whom we later found out were seeking special personal favors from the Company.

Having heard by this time that certain weeklies were sold to the Company to carry the propaganda against the Brotherhood, we decided to visit our local paper offices to find out what was its attitude toward us. On the day of our visit, we were informed that one of the proprietors was at the time in conference with the local superintendent. We made another call and were informed that the policy of the paper was to give a fair and impartial hearing to each side of any controversy, and has since done so. While the Company was distributing several hundred copies free to the men through the office, every copy carried our advertisement, and whatever articles we wished printed. I am sure that we got news into the hands of the porters in this way, which could not have reached them had they been buying the paper.

I must also here commend the young editor for his fair and impartial stand toward space in his columns, and at one time he printed an editorial in our favor.

On February 7, 1926, at nine-thirty, Sunday morning, we received a message that the General Organizer and Field Organizer would arrive on the morning of February 11th, for a stay of five days. Although we knew they were coming soon, we had no idea of the date. However, by our close contact with the ministry of the two cities and their willingness to cooperate with us, by eleven-thirty of the same morning, the message was received, arrangements had been made for four meetings for the afternoon, two mass meetings for Sunday, February 14th, and a night meeting for each night of their stay with us, and a notice had been read from every pulpit in the twin cities. The attendance at these meetings proved far above expectations due to the magnetic appeal made by Mr. Randolph at the first meeting.

As soon as the local officials learned that the men were in earnest, they began the usual forms of intimidation. Through their petty Negro officials, they put out reports of every kind, such as that the Company knew every man who was a member, and intended firing them as soon as they could hire new ones; that this was only a scheme to rob them of their money; and that the Company was planning to give the boys a large increase in salary, but was only waiting for them to kill the Brotherhood; and numerous other sweet myths of Pullman generosity and love for the men.

Then again, every time we called a public meeting, they called as many men to the yards as would come presumably for special instructions or any other hoax to keep them from attending with us. While all these things had results with the more timid men, it was not difficult to see that they were only trying to prevent the men from joining and thanks to the intelligence of the majority of the men and the fear of ridicule by some of the less enthusiastic of them, we can feel assured that in a matter of very short while now we will be a hundred per cent. organized.

Now as to outside influences. We have a story to tell. The local press, white, was approached and one of them gave us quite a bit of space, including a feature article about the increase of pay granted by the Company because of Brotherhood agitation. The other gave promises, but to date has never given us a single line. According to the white labor leaders in the Twin Cities, we are no worse off in that respect than other labor organizations.

The ministry, although they have allowed our notices to be read and sold or gave us the use of the churches (mostly sold), has been nearer neutral than active in our activities. The local secretaries of the Urban League, the chairman of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P., and the head of the Phyllis Wheatley Community Center, were more than cordial to our cause, and put themselves to much pains to assist us in the movement. Miss Brown, of the Phyllis Wheatley, found it necessary to take a firm stand against Pullman influence to give us free use of a meeting place in Minneapolis.

The secretaries of the local Trades Assemblies were very helpful both in giving advice and furnishing speakers for our meetings. They gave us the free use of the columns of the labor papers, and the secretary of the state labor council, who is president of the St. Paul local assembly, arranged a speaking date for Mr. Randolph while on his second tour. A local of the A. F. of L., a member of the local assembly in Minneapolis, *composed of our own people*, made the only opposition to Mr. Randolph's speaking to that body, but when he had completed expressing his contempt for any labor organization who opposed ours, I am sure few had the nerve or inclination to show their faces in public for some time.

After Mr. Randolph's second visit in July, 1926, our opposition has been wholehearted and carried on most vigorously by the black faced Pullman officials, which showed the most childish weakness when it met our ranks in contest; such as voting in the representative plan.

The organization of the women's auxiliary in the separate cities has met with marked success, especially in St. Paul, and women with determination and ability have been chosen to lead in both cities. St. Paul women, like the men, have shown the more united spirit, but that only gives to the leaders the incentive to greater energy. When the call comes for the National Convention our women will not be among the least to answer the roll. If every district has the support of as loyal a group as has the Twin Cities, we need have no fear that the hands of our indomitable leader will be held high on the day of the final battle.

Editorials

(*Continued from page 15*)

the life, habits and aims of peoples of color, and especially the Negro, by the poisonous propaganda of the Nordic saviors of The Great White Race. As the European intelligentsia come to tell us about Europe, let us go and tell them the truth about the Negro.

By focussing world opinion upon our problem we more successfully challenge our bigoted detractors. Moreover, if the misrepresentations of a people have become international, the refutation of those misrepresentations must also be made international. The cry of American lynchers against outside interference is a defense mechanism against outside moral condemnation. Just as the Irish carried their problem outside of Ireland so must the Negro carry his problem outside of America.

But such a delegation will not only seek to break down the false views of the Negro but to bring back for the Negro's enlightenment a body of information as will serve them advantageously in the formulation of economic, social and political policies.

BOOKS

Wholesale Robbery

THE STATE, by Franz Oppenheimer. Published by The Vanguard Press, Inc., 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 290 pages. Price, 50 cents.

REVIEWED BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Here is a neat cloth-bound volume by a noted German economist and sociologist that contains within its grey covers a wealth of material highly provocative of deep thought. The development of the State, which the author defines as "an organization of one *class* dominating over the other *classes*," is well described in all times and climes, ancient and modern, European, African, Asiatic, Australian and American. The facts are admirably marshalled with incontrovertible logic to prove the author's point: that the State is now and always has been, no matter where and of what race, based on robbery and exploitation of the lower classes by the upper class, whether in slave states, feudal states or modern capitalist states. He tears aside the veil of buncombe and reveals the inner workings of this organism.

The book is written in simple language and provides a valuable text for those interested in "knowing what it is all about." The reader obtains a clearer understanding of the social and economic life past and present.

It is especially commended to Negroes because it clears up questions that must puzzle many in our group, as well as showing that the same economic and social forces have always been operative alike among whites, blacks, browns and yellows. Indeed, there is much information presented relative to the formation and development of Negro states in Africa that should prove stimulating and instructive.

Sobbing Saxophones

SO THIS IS JAZZ, by Henry O. Osgood. Little, Brown & Co., Boston Mass.

REVIEWED BY CLARENCE CAMERON WHITE

As the author states in his foreword—"Here is a story for the reader who would like to know a little something more about what he has been enjoying—or detesting—for the last decade."

To prove that this very attractive volume is something more than "a little more" one has only to know that its author is both a writer of distinction (at present one of the Editors of Musical Courier) and at the same time a musician and composer of serious accomplishments. Mr. Osgood was at one time a conductor of the Munich Royal Opera and has to his credit as a composer many worthwhile songs and piano pieces. At the outset let it be understood that this new book is a well written and accurate history of the subject. The material treated in its two hundred and fifty pages comes from an open minded musical authority and personally we cannot imagine a better job. It is at once a most faithful chronology of each successive step in the History of Jazz Music.

Here is a book which is apt to be approached with prejudice by one who is convinced before hand "that all arts ended with the Old Masters," but the Reviewer feels that the American's love for general information will carry him through to the point of enthusiasm before he reaches page 250.

I venture to say that one who detests Jazz knows it only in the original or "Ted Lewis' period" as described by the author—who quite truthfully says that Jazz has gone from one extreme to another—at first it was all noise, but now, thanks to the "mute," jazz is a whisper. The book is well illustrated with thematic material, biographic sketches and excellent photos of Paul Whiteman, our own W. C. Handy, and the well known "Kings of Jazz" Vincent Lopez, George Gershwin, Irving Berlin, Ben Bernie, Zez Confrey, et al.

There are illuminating chapters on Spirituals, Blues and every conceivable component part of Jazz, as well as a unique insight into the financial gains of Jazz Composers, Publishers, and performers.

Quite the best argument for a sane view of Jazz as applied to the dance is the quotation on page 247 from a sermon by the Rev. Charles Stelzle of New York. An interesting truth is the quotation from Olin Downes, musical critic of the New York Times, who says: "The American Negro has contributed fundamentally to this art."

We are not clear on just what Mr. Osgood calls a 'Jazz Concert" when he says that Whiteman's concert in February, 1924, was the *first* "Jazz Concert." From his description of the instrumentation used and selections played, we fear he has erred. The concerts given several years prior to this date by James Reese Europe with the "Clef Club" and those by Will Marion Cook with the "Memphis Students" struck us as Jazz concerts par excellence. No less an authority than Percy Grainger has written of this "Clef Club" concert as an experience in his life. Of course it may be argued that Europe's "Clef Club" concert was not "Jazz" as was Ted Lewis', but to my mind this proves that the Negro Orchestra was years ahead in what we call today the "development of Modern Jazz." That is to say that white orchestras are just emerging from the chaos of Jazz to the rhythmic precision plus the melody line as employed by Europe's Clef Club Orchestra. Nevertheless, one who reads this book, if open minded, is bound to be grateful that such a well written treatise on the subject came his way. It wipes out many prejudices without giving the impression that you have succumbed to a very subtle bit of propa-

ganda. One finds a rich humor under the surface of many lines, and we have a sneaking feeling that Mr. Osgood has already or may at some future time try his musician's hand in the field of Jazz composition, following of course, the lines of George Gershwin, whose works are so thoroughly and enthusiastically written about.

We close the book with a strong conviction that it will find a place in the library of the musician who wishes to be well informed in musical history as well as upon one of America's chief industries.

A Homelitic Anthology

BEST SERMONS, 1926. Edited by Jos. Fort Newton. Harcourt Brace & Company. $2.50 net.

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM LLOYD IMES

Here is a book of sermonic literature long to be remembered by its sheer goodness of content and particularly by the breadth and vision of its social judgment. It is a democratic book in the best sense of that much-abused term. Every *distinguished type* of minister, regardless of race, has contributed to its make-up. Our own Negro ministry has been ably represented by the Rev. Vernon Johns, a young clergyman of Lynchburg, Va., who was born in that state, educated in Union University and Oberlin, and whose style of preaching, if the matter presented in his sermon in this collection is typical, is refreshing and prophetic. The Jewish ministry is represented on its orthodox side by Rabbi Leon Harrison, of St. Louis, while in another phase it is a mark of distinguished taste to place the learned Felix Adler, with his wealth of ethical idealism. Every conceivable type of preacher who has a message worth saying, from the arch-fundamentalist, Professor Machen, of Princeton, to the doughty protagonist of liberal Christian thought, Harry Emerson Fosdick, is welcomed to these pages, and the result is a wonderful and fascinating study of the myriad interests which are touched by the preacher. Not that preachers always say or promote the most enlightened things, but even the very lack of social and moral vision is in large measure compensated for by the almost bewildering array of human aspirations voiced in such a volume as this.

This book of sermons is the result, in its editorial side, of the genius of that really great preacher himself, Joseph Fort Newton, whose modesty forbids his placing in the volume any of his own very well-wrought sermons, and he has exhibited a rare tact and amazing skill of seeking out the *best* samples of American preaching of the present. The reviewer has already emphasized the inclusiveness of the authors represented in this homiletic anthology; let him now dare to say that even with that inclusiveness there is somewhat of a lower standard set by the *average content* of these sermons, measured in terms of the adventurous thinking that we might expect of prophetic voices. In spite of the first sentence of this review, in which praise for "goodness of content" and "social judgment" is ungrudgingly given, we must admit that the *general level of the book is hardly quite up* to such a standard, and that a few outstanding figures like Fosdick, Coffin and Patton, with some others, must lift the level in regard to the greater social ideals of religion, and the application of those ideals to daily life, industry, business, education and all the rest of human experience.

And this is not a criticism of the book as being *Best Sermons, 1926*, any more than I could rightly criticize a photographer for taking a picture of my house and lot in an untidy condition. Our social order is fearfully untidy, and if any set of people on the earth know the ruin of social disorder, it is the Christian ministry and their allies of other religious faiths. It is therefore expected that the note of genuine concern for a righteous world-order will ever be the haunting note in *any sermon* of the present day. And the tragedy of our American ministry is right there; we do not, on the average, discern clearly the spiritual message for the great world social struggle, and fearlessly and faithfully give that message.

Joseph Fort Newton, then, deserves our thanks for showing us America's preaching of the present, without race or creed being excluded from the total picture. He even does what few Catholics would on their side dare to do, regarding Protestants, he presents one of their own eloquent voices, one of the Paulist Fathers, Bertrand L. Conway, whose message is certainly vigorous and worth reading, and full of discerning thought which Protestant folk might well ponder.

Dr. Newton is the first American white preacher, so far as I am aware, to break the barrier of the color-line in religious anthologies. I was profoundly impressed by the genuine spirit of brotherly esteem and good will which prompted him to feel that no American output, whether from pulpit, factory or farm, is really representative of America, until black and white, Jew and Gentile, orthodox and heretical, all sides and conditions, are presented as a composite picture of *our American* life.

New Year's Message to Big Shroud-and-Coffin Men

TROPIC DEATH, by Eric Walrond. Boni & Liverwright, New York. 283 pages. Price, $2.00.

Reviewed by THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Next to a good fifteen-cent drink of liquor what this country needs most is a Negro publishing house which will devote its whole energy to selling literature written by Negro writers for Negro readers. Before the rich undertakers leave the audience under the impression that I am about to suggest investing their surplus capital in some philanthropic scheme to promote Aframerican art let me say right now I have no such notion in my head. So far as I can see there is very little or no Aframerican art for anybody to promote, except poetry, and the man who finances it is pretty likely to lose his jack. On the other hand, I believe there is a barrel of money waiting for the well-heeled citizen who will underwrite a project for providing literature for the plain people of African persuasion. Perhaps "literature" isn't just the right word. Probably "reading matter" is a better term, for what I have in mind is quantity production of adventure stories, uplift stories, love stories, sex stories, sport stories, *idiotic* stories of all kinds for the moron progeny of Uncle Remus and Aunt Chloe.

As I hinted above, the undertakers who put their cash in the project should shun the appearance of "art" as they would shun the corpse of a pauper with no insurance policy, and devote their ability solely to the low, vulgar and sordid business of making money. Let them knock together a pamphlet of two short stories to sell for a dime, a novelette and some smutty epigrams for a quarter, and a *de luxe* paperback novel to retail for fifty cents; and let them embellish some of their covers with pictures of sweet young browns exposing their legs and mammae while other covers suggest the hot stuff inside by showing a half naked yellow girl struggling in the embrace of a lecherous klansman while a charcoal policeman, with his gun in one hand and his nightstick in the other, batters down the door with his forehead. No more than one-fourth of the firm's annual budget should be invested in their product; the rest should be spent in high pressure advertising in the colored press. I prophesy that the first year's operation would put a big dent in Mr. Macfadden's circulation while the expansion of the second year would decrease the dividends of Street & Smith.

The success of the venture would turn the eyes of Negro writers inward toward the things and people they are familiar with. While at first there would be a great flood of cheap and salacious stuff, pretty soon the market for trash would become saturated and the publishers would be forced to consider the smaller but by no means negligible profits putting out literature, for the intelligent minority of the race would produce. As a result there would come into being an idiomatic literature of Aframerican thought and feeling all compact, which, since the Caucasian literature of the country is now coming into the full power of maturity, is the one thing needed to make the spiritual expression of America full and complete. Do I contradict facts when I say that the way for the Negro to make his contribution to world culture is to narrow his art down to the tastes of his own little group? Go to hell, man, and ask the ghost of Shakespeare if he didn't write his masterpieces for the strictly English audience of the Globe Theater!

The soul of art is not repression but sincerity. And excepting Walter White and Aubrey Bowser, and Jean Toomer in his first book, no contemporary Negro writer of fiction is sincere in his attitude toward his art or the world. Instead we have men who couldn't tell when they should be served a finger bowl if it would save them from being lynched trying to affect the ultra-sophistication of Oscar Wilde or James Branch Cabell. This is not because colored artists as a class are insincere and prompted by a vain desire to affect a more advanced culture than they possess. It is simply because, like all artists, they want to see their work put before the public, and to accomplish that they must please a

publisher whose final judgment is decided by what he thinks *white* people will pay for reading. I can see no way out for the Negro artist until some colored capitalist or some adventurous white publisher stakes his money on what he thinks black people will pay for reading.

This idea, which will probably be worth a million dollars to somebody, came in my head while conning Eric Walrond's *Tropic Death*, a group of short stories published by Boni & Liveright. There is power in Walrond's good right arm and his stories are full of a bizarre and satanic beauty, but every one of them is marred by his attempt to make them conform to the current American idea that the Negro the world over is inevitably an exotic and pagan character. This idea, of course, is bunk. Take, for instance, Barbados, the scene of the *Black Pin*. If I remember right, the islands, not over-rich in natural resources, support 200 people to the square mile. As a consequence the standard of living is so low that every nigger with brains enough to amass the shillings embarks for Panama at the earliest opportunity, with hopes of ultimately getting himself smuggled into New York. You simply don't find any spontaneous, Dionysian attitude toward life among people of a country like that any more than you find it among the inhabitants of the backwoods of Alabama. The people of those regions may be wild, but never pagan.

Another thing that bedevils the stories is the author's attempt to reproduce the various dialects of his characters phonetically. This, at times, results in an unintelligible jargon which I don't believe Walrond himself understands any more. This employment of dialect does not assist in the revelation of character, of course, but it does go a great way toward making his people strange and incomprehensible; i. e. "exotic."

Then there is his leaning toward expressionism. Expressionistic writing is not at all as easy as it seems. It is not just writing diconnected sentences. Unless there is an underlying unity of thought made vivid by the explosive, pizzicato phrases, expressionism disintegrates in mere incoherence. But this too envelopes a character in an "exotic" aura.

Nevertheless I like these stories in spite of their obvious flaws. You can compare *The Palm Porch* with *The Heart of Darkness* without being guilty of sacrilege It falls miles below Conrad's story in style and finish, of course, but comes right up to the mark in its vivid portrayal of character. My heart bled for Ballet, the martyr in *Subjection*, and if Ella, the heroine of *Panama Gold*, ever migrates to America I'd like to meet her.

Nearing Is Annoyed

THE BRITISH GENERAL STRIKE, by Scott Nearing. Published by The Vanguard Press, New York. Price, 50 cents.

Reviewed by FRANK R. CROSSWAITH

In this book of 186 pages, Professor Nearing undertakes to give "an economic interpretation of the background and significance" of the British General Strike. In thus making this the purpose of his book, no criticisms can be leveled at our good and restless Comrade Nearing. However, it is only in the first and second chapters that the author adheres to his avowed promise. And it may be said in passing that the first twenty-two pages are, on the whole, well done and worth while reading; not that in them the author advances anything new in Socialist thought or trade union technique, but in the concise chronicling of certain historical facts as these relate to the labor movement in the British Empire and in Europe.

Having passed page 22, the reader will find that not unlike most sociologists and economists who look upon every stir and rustle of the labor movement as the finale to the class-struggle, the author sings the blues, laments over the postponement of the revolution, and explains its abbreviation on the grounds of poor leadership, cowardice, treachery, and the usual array of invectives known to all Simon-pure revolutionists. These friends of labor, knowing the labor movement only from a theoretical approach, and not entrusted with leadership and responsibility, are unable to advance any other explanation for the failure of labor to go the full hog than to level their guns at those at the head of the movement.

According to Professor Nearing, when the British workers called a general strike on May 3, 1926, they did so with the knowledge that the strike would evolute into a revolution. If the author wants to believe that (and I wonder if he really does?), he is entitled to whatever exciting pleasure goes to one naive enough to believe it. The author implies that the red hot revolutionary British workers would have realized their aims and hopes, if they had Zinovieff, Trotsky, and Cook instead of McDonald, Henderson, and Thomas. It is a significant fact that in an effort to misinterpret the general strike and criticize some of its leaders, Nearing finds himself locked arm in arm with Premier Baldwin and Winston Churchill in ascribing to the strike aims and ends it had not. "On one thing I can give the Nation confident assurance, the general strike in support of the miners was never meant as, and even now is not, a strike against Parliament, the Government, or the Constitution," says McDonald, to which we rise to second the motion, Comrade Nearing's objection notwithstanding. The only justification for the great educational work carried on by labor and those with a social vision is to make the adjustment from a decaying capitalist system to a sane social order accompanied with as little chaos as possible, and avoid, if possible, a reversion to barbarism as means to effect social change.

New Contributors

William Lloyd Imes is Pastor of St. James Presbyterian Church, New York City.

James Mickles is a Negro Worker, 24 years old, living in Richmond, Va.

Clarence Cameron White is the well known violinist, composer and music critic at present Director of the Music Department of the West Virginia Collegiate Institute.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

See Page 2

Are You Unknown?

YOU

May have accomplished much

May own beautiful property

May fill a position of responsibility

May own a flourishing business

May be honored and respected in your community

BUT—

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Nothing about your refinement

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Nothing about your achievements

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WHERE THE REAL POWER LIES

By A. SAGGITARIUS

PLEASING surprises may have mirrored itself on the features of the super-human hierachies when the Divine Intelligence effected the division of the human race into sexes. Who can picture the feelings of the lonely guardian of Eden as he woke from the assimilative period of a cosmic night to view the companion who would hereafter share his delights and dangers on his upward march to perfection? That mate for which his happy Eden was later lost for a world where knowledge was thenceforth gained by the thorny path of experience. It was a radical change when compared with the past free gift of Divinity. This separation of forces made him master of will while bequeathing to the gentler sex, imagination.

These were the sub-strata on which our civilization and all others have been built. The maintenance of a fine balance between the divided forces became a question of moment. The will to dominate on the one hand was opposed by the desire to possess on the other.

In this early stage of human development, the law of force was the most generally recognized one. Unleavened by higher reasoning, man compensated himself for the loss of his carefree existence, by the forceful domination of what he considered the cause of that loss. He was lord by right of conquest and his bovine nature was soothed by the conceit. To the gentler sex, possessing attributes more closely Divine, there was no conquest. The apparent yielding was merely a recognition of the peculiarity of the materials to be worked on and overcome. Thus the imaginative faculties, with its wide range to choose from, was ever actively engaged in devising plans to hold the martial forces in check; while affording its possessor occasional glimpses of the vision of her dreamworld. Here one notes the wonderful brilliance of Divine Intelligence shining forth in the results.

Man boastful of his will and constituting himself protector of the gentler sex, was developing that finer side of his nature that made living with him possible, as he strove to be ruler of the forces which encompassed him. Whilst woman, quiet, patient, tactful and subtle, was through adversity producing the will necessary in rounding out his nature. She possessed the real power behind the line of fire. That sustaining power which maintained the morale of her aggressive comrade in the face of impending danger or temporary defeat, giving him just sufficient stimulus to attempt the task that alone would seem insurmountable.

Thus equipped she was allotted the greater part in reproducing and building up the races, through the medium of motherhood. The progress of development on both sides was slow and tedious. To trace it, step by step, would be a task beyond the scope of my ability. It is sufficient to point out the fruition in our present day civilization; with emphasis on the fact that true comradeship is more in evidence now than in the past. The dominant traits of the one has so permeated the other as to make the state a possibility.

From the various dramas now being produced, the end of an era seems drawing to a close. It marks a critical period. With the greater equalization of the powers of the sexes, and the entrance of women in the arenas of activity, once solely controlled by men, only the spirit of true brotherhood can maintain a relation of harmony. The question of domination must be entirely abolished and the powers thus conserved be directed towards the building of a higher state of civilization than has ever existed on this planet.

Winners in Bobbed Hair Contest Held At Manhattan Casino, By B. S. C. P., December 3rd

1st Prize
Miss Gertrude E. Williams,
New York City

2nd Prize,
Miss Naomi Davis,
New York City

3rd Prize
Mrs. Mae Woods,
New York City

It was in accordance with the above ideas that the executives of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters organized a Ladies' Auxiliary wherever a local was set up. Too much cannot be said for the wisdom of this decision or for the splendid cooperation and help that the movement has received from this source. Although like the men of their race, their contribution to economics has been mostly in the field of unorganized labor, they were quick to grasp the significance and great value of organization when presented by the organizers and became great votaries of the cause.

Their alert minds and willing hands are ever active carrying forward to a successful issue this hope of a group and a race.

Whenever harsh measures by the opposing side threaten to break the morale of the men, their steadying influence is felt—the power behind the line of fire. The reaction of women, favorable or otherwise, to all important questions, has produced a like result even though history—man-made—does not record it. While true that their names may not be recorded among the "Heroines of History" every mother, wife, sister or sweetheart who is helping a brother to win his fight for economic freedom is one of nature's heroines and will be justly rewarded from that never failing source. All honor to the brave women and girls who are equal to all emergencies. With God and them on our side, we certainly are in the majority. Now, I ask you, how can we lose?

Group Tactics

(*Continued from page* 14)

freely developed among the two different groups is the best solution that can be administered to this problem.

6. I desire always to see the Negro race maintain its identity. Because the moment the group loses its identity it fails to exist under true representation.

7. I believe any group or race regardless of whether it is minority or majority, can obtain and maintain industrial and social equality and freely mingle with any other race.

8. I do and I do not believe in segregation. I do not believe in segregation from a social equal-right-privilege, economic, and industrial standpoint, but on the other hand, I believe in segregation when it has for its purpose: To bridge the path of amalgamation.

Samuel Franklin Mitchell,
1425 *T Street, N. W.*
Washington, D. C.

* * *

1. Yes; nations rise and then fall, instead of continuing to rise, unless—what? Negro fairness even unto foolishness craves the regeneration of the United States from

(*Continued on page* 31)

Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent

Letters hereafter must not exceed 200 words—the 23rd Psalm had no more!

Forum

DEAR MR. SCHUYLER:

The race question is almost a hobby of mine. It is so interesting. Many things are involved, but I have come to the conclusion that until the hearts of men (colored and white) are changed, nothing will be done. To me this is a most glorious age to live, and to be working right in the midst of all the prejudices, and to watch and feel the change that is taking place, you feel it yet it cannot be described. I have found many white women anxious to talk things over because they feel this something. I would be so interested in any discovery you might make.

Perhaps you would like to know about Houston. The population has increased to 65,000. There is employment for everyone who really wants to work; but we have not made much progress in the factory field. Some of the better type of jobs are being given to whites, but our girls go into other fields, so there seems to be a balance.

Houston, Texas, Sincerely yours,
Dec. 8, 1926. D. D. WOOTEN, Sec'y,
Blue Triangle Branch, Y.W.C.A.

* * *

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

Permit me to thank you for your very eloquent and generous overestimate of the little I have been able to contribute toward the success of the superb struggle in which you and your associates are engaged. It has right and justice on its side and in the end is bound to prevail in the face of the powerful forces arrayed against the movement.

If at any time I can be of aid, please remember that I am at your service.

Dec. 2, 1926. Very truly yours,
SAMUEL UNTERMYER.

* * *

MY DEAR MR. SCHUYLER:

As a rule I give only incidental attention to the many questionnaires that come to my desk. When I glanced through yours I sat up and took notice, for it seemed to be unusual. With closer study I decided to ask certain men of our faculty to help me answer your questions. We spent an evening in brisk and (on some points) heated discussions. Our conclusions are indicated on the enclosed sheet.

Though differing on many points, we were in practical agreement upon the matter of amalgamation and segregation. Amalgamation is the ultimate goal of it all. The race question in these United States, in our opinion, is going to find the same answer that it has found in the history of other race questions since the dawn of civilization. We may not desire it, but we are powerless to prevent it. Our descendants will have about as much regard for our opinions and prejudices as we have for those of our ancestors. One generation cannot dictate the opinions and attitudes, customs and manners, of succeeding generations. Each generation stands on its own feet in such matters and travels in the light of its own intelligence.

However, it is just as well for keen-witted youngsters like you, and those with you, to exercise yourselves over the matter in an effort (more or less fruitless) to ferret out the situation, to make as shrewd a guess as possible as to the ultimate issues. As for me, I am not inclined to lose much sleep over the matter of race relations. I fear that too many students of race relations have a poor sense of direction. The big job before us as a group is to become intellectually, economically, and spiritually efficient, upstanding and forward looking. This done the situation will clear up without detriment to any group and with benefit to all concerned.

Nov. 23, 1926. Respectfully,
N. B. YOUNG, President,
Lincoln University, Jefferson City, Mo.

Note: Letters must be brief!

Edgar Allan Poe

By W. A. MOORE

Prepared for the Poe Memorial Committee and given exclusively to THE MESSENGER.

O treasured gift of man's Earth centuries,
Worn spirit of Life's dimmer, deathward dream,
Whence came your Song? Whence came those traceries
Of shadow venturing upward toward the stars' far gleam?

Those grey-light fancies of a soaring kin
To magic of that breed of fervid fear,
Old gods did know ere early man found sin
And held Life's laughter sweeter than Love's dearer tear?

Not dissolutionment was yours to heed,
Nor was your heart to gladden at the sound
Of gates that opened when the nearer need
For peace revealed a sacred sight of holy ground.

Your eyes were turned to where Song's purpled ways
Spread dusks which deepened quick to torrid plight
Of dream yet splendid with the starry maze
That beareth Beauty through the quiet paths of night.

"The pallid bust of Pallas" was your heart
A-grey with pain, or else it was the flame
Of passion burning white the soul of art
On altar Love doth give the glory of its name.

Whate'er there is of Life's hid mystery
Beyond the splendor of the waking morn,
Whate'er there was, whate'er there is to be
Of sorrow in Life's shade, Love is a child new born.

'Tis how you come to us each day, each year,
With living beauty freshened by the pain
That dreaming births anew within the tear
Of sorrow and within the throb of Love's again.

And shall we tarry where the winds are cold,
When we can go afield where summer brings
With roses breath of tendernesses old
And sweet and dear as day-end song the wild lark sings?

Or shall we go with you out in the night
And hear the voices of the shadows sing
The songs of sorrowed Beauty's starry flight
To where Lenore was borne upon a Raven's wing?

Dream soul of grief you now are one with all
The spheres of love eternal and the birth
Of your redeeming wings the holy call
Of faith to men who seek the sacred Grail on Earth.

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Group Tactics

(*Continued from page 29*)

the decadence and degeneracy into which it is falling, through the diseased activity of one part of the white population and the stupid inertia of the other. Negro group psychology may seem to be a strange path today, but, tomorrow, perhaps the most incredulous will not hesitate to point it out as the High Road to Nationalism untainted by sickly racial vanity-Americanism, "undirtied" by hypocritical hands and undespoiled by larcenous smoke screens—with sign posts showing reverence for the Thirteenth, gratitude for the Fourteenth and supreme satisfaction with the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

2. Yes; possibly within the next twenty-five years; probably within the next fifty years. Transitions of the present are rapid —or not at all—everybody and everything hurry—"wait a minute" is a barbarous and unknown tongue.

3. It will not; "some few things" are yet beyond the control of man's laws, whether they be written or unwritten laws, or merely "gentlemen's agreements." There will be no general amalgamation, because such would be against the natural law of physical and mental affinity, of individual selection, of personal taste, of voluntary choice. Some individuals of all races will mix with some individuals of all other races, because they personally want to mix, having found persons with whom they had rather be mixed than to remain unmixed. Yea, verily, they'll mix—legally and socially, if they can. illegally and unsociably, if they must—BUT THEY'LL MIX. However, the majority of each race will prefer "mating" with their own race. Every race and every nationality prefers its own race and its own nationality. The proof? Experience and observation. Look about, and YOU SHALL SEE.

4. Not at all; as doth appear from the foregoing answers. Races and nations do not amalgamate—have never amalgamated —will never amalgamate as a whole—they don't want to amalgamate as a whole—a comparative few individuals do want to amalgamate; they do amalgamate and will continue to amalgamate in accordance with the mysterious and unrepealable Law of Nature—the Law of God—AFFINITY. Nevertheless, the present efforts to inculcate and develop race consciousness are making a road, whither? To futility and confusion? Nay, rather to that "stinkless" Americanism, that all-embracing Nationalism to which we adverted in answer number one.

5. I do not; no more than do I hold that a man must be "without sin" in order to be a decent citizen and a desirable neighbor.

6. I have no desire either the one way or the other, for the reason that I see no foundation for desire in the matter, no motive, no urge, no inducement. Desire does not beget itself, phoenix like, but must have a father and a mother—a cause. I do not admit that there is any trend toward amalgamation. I aver that the tendency is in the opposite direction. It would not be wise for me to desire to combat the Will of God, (the Decree of Nature, if there can be no general amalgamation, as I have hereinbefore urged), while it would be super-foolish for me to desire the cessation of something that has not started.

7. It can; education and wealth are the determining factors to a greater extent than race or color. If we had as many educated Negroes and as many Negroes of wealth—equally educated and equally wealthy—as there are educated and wealthy whites, it would take a powerful microscope to discover any line of either social or industrial inequality. Such a situation existing, the much exploited "working man" could look to prospective employers equally "fat," irrespective of race, whereas, at present, not unnaturally, the white working man thinks that he should be "preferred stock" to a white employer, just as a Negro working man would concdude that he should rule as favorite with a Negro employer, while SAD BUT TRUE, THERE ARE (in a large sense) NO NEGRO EMPLOYERS. Likewise the social line, as far as being dictated by race, would, I think, vanish. However, I cannot forbear to digress a moment to asserverate that social inequality, without regard to race, will probably always exist. It will exist where all are whites and where all are Negroes. Why? The words of the French writer, Bossuet, I think, answer the question: "Quoique Dieu et la nature aient fait tous les hommes egaux, en les formant d'une meme bout, la vanite humaine ne peut souffrir cette egalite."—"Although God and Nature have made all men equal, by forming them from the same earth, human vanity cannot bear that equality."

8. We do not believe in compulsory segregation—it is against nature. We believe in voluntary segregation—the "own free will and accord" kind—THAT'S FREEDOM.

S. B. Moon,
Attorney-at-law and Supervising Principal Gary (Negro) High School, Gary, W. Va.

* * *

1. Yes, because by it, you show interest in your race, the same as any race will do.

2. No. It will be more than a century before this ideal is obtained.

3. It will not result in the amalgamation of the Negro, or disappearance.

4. Perserverance behind any effort will not allow the effort to be futile or confusing.

5. No, positively. Complete amalgamation would cause more confusion.

6. Yes, it should cease before it causes trouble.

7. It can be done but it seems impossible just now. Why? I can't say.

8. I do not believe in segregation, mainly because of the harm that I have observed from its practice in the United States. Segregation has kept more Negroes ignorant than any other method in practice.

F. J. King,
Postal Clerk, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

1. The development of racial consciousness among Negroes may help the Negro to place a true valuation upon his personality; but it does not appear compatible with the ideal of the modern commonwealth. Much of the fanfare about racial consciousness has been forced upon the Negro by white people who are only interested in making the Negro a lower caste. The modern state may lose its present place in social development but new associations will hardly be formed strictly along racial lines except in the centers of homogeneous groups. The present problem of the Negro is to make white Americans recognize him as a citizen. *Civis Americanus sum* must mean more than shouldering a gun and dying.

2. I always hesitate to make any prophecy concerning the course of social evolution and events since over a million reputed freedom-loving Americans permitted themselves to be dragged across the ocean to insure the payments of allied debts to American capitalists. It appears to me, however, that before the American white man will voluntarily give equal rights and privileges to the Negro, the darker world, including China, India and Africa, will be militarized and industralized enough to force the white world to throw off its mask of Christian missionary effort and the "white man's burden" ideal, with which it attempts to conceal its arrogant economic exploitation, and treat the darker races as equals. This will be bound to improve the black man's status in America, although I would not be surprised to find black fools fighting for their own enslavement.

3. I believe that absolute equality will naturally lead (in how many centuries I dare not say) to amalgamation. I do not think it would proceed as fast as it has always done when the two populations are closer in physical appearance.

4. As I said in answer to Question 1, the inculcation of racial consciousness can not be wholly futile, no matter what the outcome in America, if it makes the Negro place a true value upon his personality.

5. I do not consider complete amalgamation of the whites and blacks necessary to the solution of our problems. I often find white and black prostitutes, thieves and bootleggers living in harmony, without issue, while the smug inhabitants of Main Street, with yellow bastards hidden in the alleys, have stoned the homes of respectable Negroes.

6. I am not interested in the color of the future Americans; although I have some sentiment in regard to the continuance of civilization to which men of any color can be heirs.

7. Social equality in its broadest interpretation will, I believe, gradually destroy both racial identity and group consciousness.

8. I do not believe in any form of enforced segregation, except that of the insane and feeble-minded. The natural tendency for people of the same culture and interests to segregate themselves is not involved in the question of segregation as it affects Negroes.

E. Franklin Frazier,
Director of The Atlanta School of Social Work, Atlanta, Ga.

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